THE Iealous Lovers.

A COMEDIE

Preſented to
Their gracious MAjESTIES
At CAMBRIDGE,
By the STUDENTS of
Trinitie Colledge.

Written by THOMAS RANDOLPH,
Maſter of Arts, and Fellow
of the Houſe.

——Valeatres ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

DONDON,
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TO THE RIGHT *WORSHIPFULL*

Mr Dr COMBER,

Dean of *Carleil*, Vicechancellour of the Universitie of *Cambridge*, and Master of *Trinitie Colledge*.

Right worshipfull,

I Have observed in private families, that the carefull father disposing of his children to severall employments, sendeth some to schoole, some to his plough, some to his flocks, while perchance the youngest, as uncapable of greater businesse, has the libertie to play in his hall. So is't in our Societie (which joyfully acknowlegeth you our carefull and indulgent parent:) those of stronger abilities, more reading, and longer experience, are busied some in one, some in another of the graver and more serious studies; while I, the last of that learned Bodie, am task'd to these lighter exercises. Accept, Sir, a thing born at your command, and preserved by your patronage. Not but that I vow the fruits of my more precious houres to your service: for when I consider the magnificence of our buildings, the riches of our endowments, the great examples of those before me, and all these blest'd in your auspicious government; I find a fire kindled in my breast, whose flame aimeth higher, & telleth me, so glorious a hive the royall Founders meant not to shelter drones. So wishing our whole Bodie long happy in so provident a Governour, I rest, what my oath and peculiar engagements have bound me to be,

Yours devoted in all dutifull observance,

Thom: Randolph.

To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

Beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expense of a sixpence, and the losse of an houre. If I could by mine own industrie have furnished the desires of my friends, I had not troubled the Presse. 'T is no opinion of the worth that wrought me to it; if I find thee charitable, I acknowledge my self beholding to thee: if thou condemne it of weaknes, I cannot be angrie to see another of my mind. I do not aim at the name of a Poet, I have alwayes admired the free raptures of Poetrie; but it is too unthrifty a science for my fortunes, and is crept into the number of the seven to undo the other six. That I make so many dedications, think not that I value it as a present rich enough to be divided; but know whom I am in piety bound to honour. That I admit so many of my friends approbations, is not that I itch'd for praise and love-rubbing, but that I was willing thou should'st have something worth thy reading. Be to me as kind as my audience, who, when they might have used their censures, made choice of their mercies: and so I must acknowledge my self indebted to thy clemencie. I confesse no heights here, no strong conceits; I speak the language of the people.

—— Neque si quis scribit, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putes hunc esse poetam.

No, bestow the honour of this glorious title on those that have abler wits, diviner inventions, and deeper mouthes: Leave me to the privacie of my studies, and accept for thy unknown friend

T. R.

To that complete and noble Knight, Sir KENELLAM DIGBIE,

SIr, when I look on you, me thinks I ſee
To the full height how perfect man may be.
Sure all the Arts did court you, and you were
So courteous as to give to each their ſhare;
While we lie lock'd in darkneſſe, night and day
Waſting our fruitleſſe oyl and time away,
Perchance for skill in Grammar, and to know
Whether this word be thus declin'd or no.
Another cheats himſelf, perchance to be
A prettie youth, forſooth, in fallacie.
This on Arithmetick doth hourely lie,
To learn the firſt great bleſſing, ——Multiply.
That travels in Geometrie and tires,
And he above the world a map admires.
This dotes on Muſicks moſt harmonious chime,
And ſtudying how to keep it, loſes time.
One turns o're hiſtories, and he can ſhow
All that has been, but knows not what is now.
Many in Phyſick labour; moſt of theſe
Loſe health, to know the name of a diſeaſe.
Some (too high wiſe) are gazing at a ſtarre,
And if they call it by his name, they are
In heaven alreadie. And another one
That cries Melpomene, and drinks Helicon,
At poetrie throws wit and wealth away,
And makes it all his work to write a play.
Nay, on Divinitie many ſpend their powers,
That ſcarce learn any thing, but to ſtand two hours.
How muſt we, Sir, admire you then, that know
All Arts, and all the beſt of theſe can ſhow!
For your deep skill in State, I cannot ſay;
My knowledge there is onely to obey:
But I believe 't is known to our beſt Peers,
Amaz'd to ſee a Neſtor at your yeares.

Mars claims you too, witnesse the Gallion
That sale your thunder-bolts at Scanderon,
When Neptune frighted let his Trident fall,
And bid his waves call you their Generall.
How many men might you divide your store
Or vertues to, and yet not leave you poore,
Though inrich them! Stay here. How dare I then
To such an able judgement shew my pen?
But 't is, Sir, from a Muse that humbly prayes,
You 'll let her ivie wait upon your bayes.

Your admiring servant, T. R.

To the truly noble Knight Sir *Chr. Hatton.*

TO you (whose recreations, Sir, might be
Others employments; whose quick soul can see
There may, besides a hawk, good sport be found,
And musick heard, although without a hound)
I send my Muse. Be pleas'd to hear her strain
When y' are at truce with Time. 'T is a low vein.
But were her breast enrag'd with holier fire,
That she could force, when she but touch'd her lyre,
The waves to leap above their clifts, dull earth
Dance round the centre, and create new birth
In every Element, and out-charm each Sphere;
'T were but a lesson worthy such an eare.

T. R.

To his honoured friend Mr *Anth. Stafford.*

SIr, had my Muse gain'd leisure to conferre
With your sharp judgement e're I ventur'd her
On such an audience, that my Comedie
Had suffer'd by thy Obelisk and thee;
It needed not of just applause despair,
Because those many blots had made it fair.
I now implore your mercy to my pen,
That should have rather begg'd your rigour then.

T. R.

Colen.

Colendiſſimo viro, & Juris municipalis perito-
tiſſimo, Magiſtro Richardo Lane.

SIr, if the Term be done, and you can find
Leiſure to heare my ſuit, pray be ſo kind
To give this toy ſuch courteous acceptation,
As to be made your client i' th'vacation.
Then, if they ſay I break the Comick laws,
I have an advocate can plead my cauſe.

T. R.

Venerabili viro Magiſtro Olboſton, *Præcep-*
tori ſuo ſemper obſervando.

SI bene quid ſcripſi, tibi debeo; ſi malè quicquam,
Hæc erit in vitiis maxima culpa meis.
Naufragium meruit qui non bene navigat æquor,
Cui tu Pierium per freta Typhys eras.

T.R.

To his dear friend, Thomas Riley.

I Will not ſay I on our ſtage have ſeen
A ſecond Roſcius; that too poore had been:
But I have ſeen a Proteus, that can take
What ſhape he pleaſe, and in an inſtant make
Himſelf to any thing; be that, or this,
By voluntarie Metamorphoſis.
When thou doſt act, men think it not a play;
But all they ſee is reall: O that day,
(When I had cauſe to bluſh that this poore thing
Did kiſſe a Queens hand, and ſalute a King)
How often had I loſt thee! I could find
One of thy ſtature, but in every kind
Alter'd from him I knew; nay, I in thee
Could all profeſſions and all paſſions ſee.

When

When thou art pleas'd to act an angrie part,
Thou fright'st the audience; and with nimble art
Turn'd Lover, thou dost that so lively too,
Men think that Cupid taught thee how to wooe.
T' expresse thee all would ask a better pen;
Thou art, though little, the whole map of men.
In deeper knowledge and Philosophie
Thou truly art what others seem to be:
Whose learning is all face: as 't were thy fate
There not to act where most do personate.
All this in one so small; Nature made thee
To shew her cunning in epitomie;
While others (that seem giants in the arts,
Such as have stronger limbes, but weaker parts)
Are like a volume that conteins lesse in 't
And yet looks big, cause 't is a larger print.
I should my self have too ungratefull shown,
Sent I not thee my book: — Take 't, 't is thine own:
For thus farre my confession shall be free,
I writ this Comedie, but 't was made by thee.

Thy true friend, T. R.

Amico suo charissimo, ingeniosissimo, T. Randolpho, liberum de ejus Comœdia judicium.

Audebit proprios negare odores
Myrrhæ fasciculus, suásque mellis
Mendicare medulla suavitates
Priùs quàm his Veneres deesse credam,
Quæ præ se placidos ferunt Amores.
Æternum vigeat, vigens amore.
Quòd si quis lapides loquatur, istum
Jam jam aptum Tumulo scias libellum.
En! noster bona verba portat autor
Illas vult dare, quas recepit, auctas;
Ridentes, niveóque perjocosæ
Vincentes Charitas nitore frontis.

Amores

Amores ſimul elegantiáſque
Ad partus properare tum puteis,
Cum riſus popularis & theatri
Plauſus ſuppeditarit obſtetricem.

DEſert keeps cloſe, when they that write by gueſſe
Scatter their ſcribbles and invade the Preſſe.
Stage-Poets ('t is their hard, yet common hap)
Break out like thunder, though without a clap.
Here 't is not ſo; there 's nothing now comes forth,
Which hath not for a licence its own worth.
No ſwagg'ring terms, no taunts; for 't is not right
To think that onely toothſome which can bite.
See how the Lovers come in Virgin die,
And Roſie bluſh, enſignes of modeſtie;
Though once beheld by ſuch with that content,
They need not fear others diſparagement.
But I 'll not tell their fortune, what e're 't be;
Thou muſt needs know 't, if skill'd in palmeſtrie.
Thus much, where King applauds, I dare be bold
To ſay, 'T is pettie-treaſon to withhold.

Edward Hide.

To his deareſt friend the Author, after he had reviſed his Comedie.

THe more I this thy maſter-piece peruſe,
The more thou ſeem'ſt to wrong thy noble Muſe,
And thy free Genius: If this were mine,
A modeſt envie would bid me confine
It to my ſtudie, or the Criticks court,
And not make that the vulgar peoples ſport,
Which gave ſuch ſweet delight unto the King,
Who cenſur'd it not as a common thing,
Though thou haſt made it publick to the view
Of ſelf-love, malice, and that other crue.
It were more fit it ſhould impaled lie

Within

Within the walls of some great librarie;
That if by chance through injurie of time,
Plautus, and Terence, and that * fragrant thyme Aristophanes
Of Attick wit should perish; we might see
All those reviv'd in his one comedie.
The Jealous Lovers, Pander, Gull, and Whore,
The doting Father, Shark, and many more
Thy scene doth represent unto the life,
Beside the character of a curst wife:
So truly given, in so proper style,
As if thy active soule had dwelt a while
In each mans bodie; and at length had seen
How in their humours they themselves demean.
I could commend thy jests, thy lines, thy plot,
Had I but tongues enow; thy names; what not?
But if our Poets, praising other men,
With for an hundred tongues; what want we then
When we praise Poets? This I 'll onely say,
This work doth crown thee Laureate to day.
In other things how all, we all know well,
Onely in this thou dost thy self excell. *Edward Fraunces.*

To his dear friend Mr Tho: Randolph, *on his Comedie called The Jealous Lovers.*

FRiend, I must grieve your poems injur'd be
By that rare vice in poets, Modestie.
If you dislike the issues of your pen,
You have invention, but no judgement then.
You able are to write, but 't is as true,
Those that were there can judge as well as you.
You onely think your gold adulterate,
When every scale of judgement finds it weight,
And every touchstone perfect. This I 'll say,
You contradict the name of your own play:
You are no lover of the lines you writ,
Yet you are jealous still of your own wit.

Rich. Benefield, T. C.

To his ingenuous friend, the Authour, concerning his Comedie.

THe Muſes, Tom, thy *Jealous Lovers* be,
Striving which has the greateſt ſhare in thee.
Euterpe calls thee hers; ſuch is thy skill
In paſtorall ſonnets and in rurall quill.
Melpomene claims thee for her own, and cries,
Thou haſt an excellent vein for elegies.
'T is true; but then Calliope diſdains,
Urging thy fanſie in heroick ſtrains.
Thus all the Nine: Apollo by his laws
Sits judge in perſon to decide the cauſe:
Beholds thy Comedie, approves thy art,
And ſo gives ſentence on Thalia's part.
To her he dooms thee onely of the nine;
What though the reſt with jealouſie repine?
Then let thy Comedie, Thalia's daughter,
Begin to know her mother Muſe by laughter.
Out with 't, I ſay, ſmother not this thy birth,
But publiſh to the world thy harmleſſe mirth.
No fretting frontiſpice, nor biting Satyre
Needs uſher 't forth: born tooth'd? fie, 'tis 'gainſt nature.
Thou haſt th' applauſe of all: King, Queen, and Court,
And Univerſitie, all lik'd thy ſport.
No blunt preamble in a Cynick humour
Need quarrel at diſlike, and, ſpite of rumour,
Force a more candid cenſure, and extort
An approbation, maugre all the Court.
Such rude and ſnarling prefaces ſuit not thee;
They are ſuperfluous: for thy Comedie,
Backt with its own worth and the authours name,
Will find ſufficient welcome, credit, fame.

James Duport.

Randolph

Randolpho ſuo.

AN quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis, ut ſuperſit ætas,
Cùm ſcriptus legar in tuo libello,
Et tecum ſimilis futurus ævi,
Qui jam vita cluis Scholæ & Theatri?
Nolo. Marmor erit mihi poeta.
Mauſolæa mihi mei Menandri
O quàm æterna ſatis liber perennis!
Non quæram monumenta firmiora,
Noſtri nominis ut ſuperſit ætas.

Thom: Riley.

AGmine non tanto paupertas multa beatam
Divitis & pranſam vexat ubique domum,
Quot tua quotidie pulſarunt limina Chartæ:
Fervidus à tergo & quiſque rogator adeſt.
Prodeat audaciter, repetitáque vulnera prœli
Fabula, quæ meruit ſuſtinuiſſe, ferat.
Non horret tantùm tua Muſa, aut mutat, ut eſſet
Turpior ornatu ruſtica Nympha ſuo.

Car. Fotherbie, *ſ. Coll.*

Amico ſuo ingenioſiſſimo
Tho: Randolph.

FIngite zelotypos, quos pulchrè fingis, amores;
Sed nil de Muſa ſuſpicionis habe.
Fac dominam ut plures norint, & adultera fict;
Muſa, licèt fuerit publica, caſta manet.

Fr: Meres,

Fratri

Fratri suo *Thom. Randolph.*

NOn satis est quòd te dederit natura priorem,
Ni simul & natu major, & arte fores?
Illa, sciens noster quàm non sit magnus agellus,
Ingenio tenues jure rependit opes.

Ro. Randolph. æd. Chr. Oxon.

AUTORI.

HEi mihi! quos fluctus, quod tentas æquor, amice?
Queis te jactandum das malesanus aquis?
Irritata juvat quid possit lectio scire?
Æmula vel de te dicere lingua velit?
Felix, oculos dudum prædatus, & aures,
Censurámque ipsam sub juga mitte gravem.
Qui meruit CAROLO plausum spectante, popello
Non est cur metuat displicuisse rudi.
Dirige victorem captivo Cæsare currum,
Augeat & titulos victa MARIA tuos:
Tolle supercilium lævo nictantis ocello
Mitte sibi: Momis est placuisse nefas.

Thom: Vincent.

Drama-

Dramatis personæ.

Tyndarus, sonne of Demetrius, and supposed brother to Pamphilus, enamour'd of Evadne.
Pamphilus, supposed sonne to Demetrius, but sonne indeed to Chremylus.
Evadne, supposed daughter of Chremylus.
Techmessa, daughter to Chremylus.
Demetrius, an Athenian in the disguise of an Astrologer.
Chremylus, an old man.
Dipsas his wife.
Simo, an old doting father.
Asotus, his prodigall sonne.
Ballio, a Pander, and Tutour to Asotus.
Phryne, a Courtesan, and Mistresse to Asotus.
Phronesium, a merry chambermaid.
Hyperbolus, *Thrasymachus*, } two souldiers.
Bomolochus, *Cherilus*, } two Poets.
A sexton.
Staphyla, his wife.
Pagnium, a Page.
A Priest.
Officers.
Servants.

The Scene

Thebes.

The Jealous Lovers.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Simo, Asotus, Ballio.

Sim. HOw thrives my boy Asotus? is he capable
Of your grave precepts? *Ball.* Sir, I never met
A quicker brain, a wit so neat and spruce.
Wel, get thee home old Simo: go & kneel:
Fall on thy aged knees, and thank the gods
Th'hast got a boy of wax, fit to receive
Any impressions. *Asot.* As I am a Gentleman,
And first of all our family, you wrong me, Dad,
To take me for a dunce. *Sim.* No, good Asotus,
It is thy father's care, a provident care,
That wakes him from his sleeps to think of thee;
And when I brooding sit upon my bags,
And every day turn o're my heaps of gold,
Each piece I finger makes me start, and cry,
This, this, and this, and this is for Asotus.
Asot. Take this, and this, and this, and this again:
Can you not be content to give me money,
But you must hit me in the teeth with't? —— S'lid.
Ball. Nay, good Asotus, such a loving father
That does not blesse you with a sweatie palm
Clapt on your head, or some unfruitfull prayer;
But layes his blessings out in gold and silver,
The white and yellow blessings. *Asot.* Pr'ythee Ballio,
I could endure his white and yellow blessings,
But would leave his prating. *Sim.* Do you hear him;
How sharp and tart his answers are? Old Simo,

Th'hast got a witty witty wagge; yet dear one,
When I behold the vastnesse of my treasure,
How large my coffers, yet how cramm'd with wealth,
That every talent sweats as in a crowd,
And grieves not at the prison but the narrownesse.
Asot. If I make not room for 'em, ne're trust me.
Sim. When I see this I cannot chuse but fear
Thou canst not finde out wayes enow to spend it:
They will out vie thy pleasures. *Ball.* Few such fathers!
I cannot chuse but stroke your beard, and wonder,
That having so much wealth you have the wit
To understand for whom you got it. *Asot.* True:
And I have so much wit to understand
It must be spent, and shall, boyes. *Sim.* Pray heaven it may!
Asot. I'll live to spend it all; & then——perhaps I'll die!
And will not leave the purchase of a sheet,
Or buy a rotten coffin. *Ball.* Yes, dear Pupill,
Buy me an urn; while yet we laugh and live,
It shall contain our drink, and, when we die,
It may preserve our dust: tis fit our ashes
Should take a nap there where they took their liquor.
Sim. Sage counsell this——observe it, boy——observe it.
Asot. I live in Thebes, yet I dare swear all Athens
Affords not such a Tutour: thou mayst reade
To all the young heires——in town or city.
Sim. Ah Ballio! I have lived a dunghill wretch,
Grown poore by getting riches, mine own torture,
A rust unto my selfe, as to my gold:
To pile up idle treasure starv'd my body
Thus, to a wrinkled skin, and rotten bones,
And spider-like have spunne a web of gold
Out of my bowels; onely knew the care,
But not the use of gold.——Now, gentle Ballio,
I would not have my sonne so loth'd a thing:
No, let him live and spend, and buy his pleasures
At any rate. Reade to him, gentle Ballio,

Where

Where are the daintiest meats, the briskest wines,
The costliest garments. Let him dice and wench;
But with the fairest, be she wife or daughter
To our best Burgesse: and if Thebes be scarce,
Buy me all Corinth for him:——When I sleep
Within my quiet grave I shall have dreams,
Fine pleasant dreams, to think with how much pleasure
Asotus spends what I with care have got.

Asot. Sure I were a most ungracious childe now,
If I should spoil the dreams of a dead father.
Sleep when thou wilt within thy quiet urn,
And thou shalt dream thou seest me drink Sack plenty,
Incircled round with Doxies plump——and dainty.

Sim. How thrives my boy?——How forward in his studies?

Ball. Troth——with much industry——I have brought him now (drinking?
That he is grown——past drinking? *Sim.* How man? past

Ball. I mean he is grown perfect in that science.

Sim. But will he not forget? *Asot.* No I warrant you,
I know I sha'nt forget; because i'th' morning
I ne're remember what I did o're night.

Sim. How feeds my boy? *Ball.* Troth well: I never met
A stomach of more valour, or a tooth
Of such juditious knowledge. *Sim.* Can he wench? ha?

Ball. To say the truth——but rawly. *Asot.* Rawly?——I'm sure
I have already made my Dad a Grandsire
To five and twenty:——and if I do not
Out of mere charity people all the Hospitals
With my stray babes, then geld me.——Wo to the Parish
That bribes me not to spare it. *Ball.* Then for the Die,
He throws it with such art, so pois'd a hand,
That had you left him nothing, that one mysterie
Were a sufficient portion. *Asot.* Will you see me?
Get me a bag. These were an Usurers bones.

Ball. In this behold what frailty lives in man:
He that rubb'd out a life to gather trash,
Is after death turn'd prodigall. *Sim.* Throw, Asotus.
Asot. Then have at all,——and 'twere a million.——All!
Fortune was kind: the precious dirt is mine.
Sim. And take it boy, and this——and this beside.
And, 'cause desert may challenge a reward,
This for your paines, deare Ballio. *Ball.* My endeavours,
Although to my best power,——alas——come short
Of any merit. Sir, you make me blush,
And this reward but chides my insufficiencie.
Pray urge it not. *Sim.* A modest——honest——honest man:
I'll double it——in faith I will——I am
The joyfull'st father! *Ball.* See how the good man weeps!
Asot. So he will weep his gold away, no matter.
Sim. Come hither deare, come, let me kisse my sonne.
Asot. There's a sweet kisse indeed: this 'tis to want
A Tutour. Had you had my education,
You would have ta'ne me by the lilie hand,
Then gaz'd a while upon my flaming eyes,
As wondring at the lustre of their orbs;
Then humbly beg in language strow'd with flowers,
To taste the cherries of my rubie lip.
God-a-mercy for this, Tutour. *Sim.* I am o'rejoyc'd, I am
o'rejoyc'd. *Exit Sim.*

SCEN. II.

Asotus, Ballio.

Asot. WEll, go thy wayes, I may have a thousand fathers,
And never have the like.——Well pockets, well,
Be not so sad; though you are heavie now,
You shall be lighter. *Ball.* Pupill, I must tell you,
I do repent the losse of those good houres,
And would call back the studie I have ta'ne

In

In morall Alchymie, to extract a Gentleman
Almost out of a dunghill. Still do I see
So much of peasant in you? *Asot.* Angry, Tutour?
Ball. Teem'd my invention all this while for this?
No better issue of my labouring brain,
After so many and such painfull throes?
Another sinne like this, and be transform'd
Meere clown again. *Asot.* The reason, deare Instructour.
Ball. Have I not open'd to you all the mysteries,
The precise rules and axiomes of Gentilitie?
And all methodicall? Yet you still so dull,
As not to know you print eternall stains
Upon your honour, and corrupt your blood
(That cost me many a minute the refining)
By carrying your own money? See these Breeches,
A pair of worthy, rich, and reverend Breeches
Lost to the fashion by a lump of drosse.
I'll be your bailiff rather. *Asot.* Out infection.
Ball. Who, that beheld those hose, could e're suspect
They would be guilty of mechanick metall?
What's your vocation? Trade you for your self?
Or else whose Journyman or Prentise are you?
Asot. Pardon me, Tutour: for I doe repent
And do protest hereafter I will never
Wear any thing that jingles——but my spurres.
Ball. This is gentile. *Asot.* Away mechanick trash:
I'll kick thee, sonne of earth:——thus will I kick thee,——
For torturing my poore father.——Dirt, avant——
I do abandon thee. *Ball.* Blest be thy generous tongue,
But who comes here? This office must be mine:
I'll make you faire account of every drachme.
Asot. I'll not endure the trouble of account:
Say all is spent,——and then we must have more.

SCEN. III.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. WHat Fury shot a viper through my soul
To poison all my thoughts? Civill dissention
Warres in my bloud: here Love with thousand bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart; which mann'd with nought but fear,
Denies the great god entrance. O Evadne!
Canst thou, that riseſt faiter then the morn,
Set blacker then the evening?——Weak jealousie!——
Did e're thy prying and suspicious sight
Find her lip guilty of a wanton smile?
Or one lascivious glance dart from her eye?
The blushes of her cheeks are innocent,
Her carriage sober, her discourse all chaste;
No toyish gesture, no desire to see
The publick shows, or haunt the theatre.
She is no popular Mistresse; all her kisses
Do speak her Virgin: such a bashfull heat
At severall tides ebbes, flowes, flowes, ebbes again,
As't were afraid to meet our wilder flame.
But if all this be cunning, (as who knows
The sleights of Sirens?) and I credulous fool
Train'd by her songs to sink in her embraces;
I were undone for ever——wretched Tyndarus!

Asot. Ha, ha, ha, he. This is an arrant Cockscomb,
That's jealous of his wife before he has got her,
And thinks himselfe a Cuckold before marriage.

Ball. Want of a Tutour makes unbridled youth
Run wildly into passions. You have got
A skilfull Pilot (though I say it) Pupill,
One that will steer both you and your estate
Into safe harbour.——Pray, observe his humour.

Tyn. Away foul sin.——Tis Atheisme to suspect
A devill lodg'd in such divinity.

Call

Call snow unchaste, and say the ice is wanton,
If she be so. No, my Evadne, no;
I know thy soul as beauteous as thy face.
That glorious outside which all eyes adore,
Is but the fair shrine of a fairer saint.
O pardon me thy penitent infidell:
By thy fair eyes (from whom this little world
Borrows that light it has) I henceforth vow
Never to think sinne can be grown so bold
As to assault thy soul. *Asot.* This fellow, Tutour,
Waxes and wanes a hundred times a minute:
In my conscience he was got in the change o'th' Moon.

SCEN. IIII.

Chremylus, Dipsas, Asotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Dip. ROt in thy grave, thou dotard, I defie thee.
Curst be our day of marriage: shall I nurse
And play the mother to anothers brat?
And she to nose my daughter?——Take Evadne,
Your pretty-precious-by-blow, fair Evadne,
The minion of the town: go——and provide her
A place i'th' Spittle. *Chrem.* Gentle wife, have patience.
Dip. Let them have patience that can have patience,
For I will have no patience.——S'lid. Patience? Patience?
Chrem. You know her daughter to our dearest friend:
And should my sonne committed to his care
Thus suffer as the poor Evadne does,
The gods were just thus to revenge her wrong.
Dip. I will not have my house afflicted with her;
She has more suitours then a pretty wench in an University,
While my daughter has leisure enough to follow her needle.
Chrem. Wife, I must tell you y'are a peevish woman.
Dip. And I must tell you y'are an arrant Cockscomb
To tell me so. My daughter nos'd by a slut?
Asot. There will be a quarrel, Tutour: do you take

The old mans part; I am o'th'womans side.

Chrem. Were every vein in poore Evadne fill'd
With bloud deriv'd from those whose ancestours
Transmitted in that bloud a hate to us,
A lineall hate to all our family;
Yet trusted to my care she is my daughter,
And shall share equall blessings with mine own.

Dip. Then a perpetuall noise shall fill thy house:
I will not let thee sleep, nor eat, nor drink,
But I will torture thee with a peal of chiding.
Thou shalt confesse the troubled sea more calm;
That thunder with lesse violence cleaves the aire:
The ravens, screech-owls, and the mandrakes voice
Shall be thy constant musick——I can talk.
Thy friends that come to see thee shall grow deaf
With my loud clamours. Heaven be prais'd for tongue:
No woman in all Thebes is better weapon'd:
And 't shall be sharper; or were any member
Not dead besides my tongue, I would employ it
In thy just torment. I am vext to think,
My best revenge age hath prevented now:
Else every man should read it in thy brow.

Chrem. I will not wind you up, deare Iaium: Go,
Run out your line at length, and so be quiet.

Exit Chremylus.

SCEN. V.

Dipsas, Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio.

Tyn. HEre is an argument, *Tyndarus*, to incite
And tempt thy free neck to the yoke of Love.
Are these the joyes we reap i'th'nuptiall bed?
First in thy bosome warm the snake, and call
The viper to thy arms——O gentle death,
There is no sleep blest and secure but thine.
Wives are but fair afflictions: sure this woman

Was

Was woo'd with proteſtations, oathes and vowes,
As well as my Evadne, thought as fair,
As wiſe and vertuous as my ſoul ſpeaks her:
And may not ſhe or play the hypocrite now?
Or after turn Apoſtate?—Guilty thoughts,
Diſturb me not. For were the ſex a ſinne,
Her goodneſſe were ſufficient to redeem
And ranſome all from ſlaughter. *Dip.* Gentle Sir,
I pitie the unripeneſſe of your age,
That caſt your love upon a dangerous rock.
My daughter! But I bluſh to own the birth,
And curſe the wombe ſo fruitfull to my ſhame.
You may be wiſe and happy—or repent.

Exit Dipſas.

SCEN. VI.

Tyndarus, Aſotus, Ballio.

Aſot. THis woman is a devil, for ſhe hates her own children.

Ball. In what an extaſie ſtands that grieved wight!

Aſot. In troth I ſhall into compunction melt.
Will not a cup of Lesbian liquor rowze
His frozen ſpirits to agility?

Ball. Spoke like a ſonne of Æſculapius.

Aſot. My fathers angels guard thee. We have gold
To cure thy dumps, although we do not mean
It ſhould profane theſe breeches. Sure his ſoul
Is gone upon ſome errand, and has left
The corps in pawn till it come back again.

Tyn. Cold jealouſie, I ſhall account thee now
No idle paſſion, when the womb that bare her
Shall plead her guilt: I muſt forget her name.
Flie from my memorie: I will drink oblivion
To loſe the loth'd Evadne. *Aſot.* Generous Sir,
A pottle of Elixir at the Pegaſus
Bravely carouz'd is more reſtorative.

My

My Tutour shall disburse. *Tyn.* Good impertinent.

Asot. Impertinent? Impertinent in thy face,
Danger accrues upon the word Impertinent.
Tutour, draw forth thy fatall steel, and slash
Till he devoure the word Impertinent.

Ball. The word Impertinent will not bear a quarrel;
The Epithet of Good hath mollified it.

Asot. We are appeas'd——Be safe——I say——Be safe.

Tyn. Be not rash, Tyndarus. This malicious woman
May as well hate her daughter, as her husband.
I am too sudden to conclude her false
On such sleight witnesse. Shall I think the Sunne
Has lost his crown of light, because a cloud
Or envious night hath cast a cloud of darknesse
'Twixt the worlds eye and mine? *Asot.* Canst thou, royall boy,
Burn out the remnant of a day with us?

Tyn. I am resolved upon a safer triall.
Sir, you are courtly, and no doubt the Ladies
Fall out about you: for those rare perfections
Can do no lesse then ravish. *Asot.* I confesse——
I cannot walk the streets, but straight the females
Are in a tumult.——I must leave thee, Thebes,
Lest I occasion civill warres to rage
Within thy wals——I would be loth to ruine
My native soil. *Ball.* Sir, what with my instructions,
He has the wooing character. *Tyn.* Could you now
But pull the maiden-blossomes of a rose
Sweet as the spring it buds in, fair Evadne;
Or gain her promise, and that grant confirm'd
By some sleight jewel, I shall vow my self
Indebted to the service, and live yours.

Asot. She cannot stand the fury of my siege.

Ball. At first assault he takes the female fort.

Asot. And ride loves conquerour through the streets of Thebes. I 'll tell you, Sir: You would not think how many Gentlemen ushers have & do daily indanger their lit-

tle

tle legs, by walking early and late to bring me visits from this Lady, and that Countesse. Heaven pardon the sinne! Ne're a man in this city has made so many chambermaids lose their voices as I ha' done.

Tyn. As how, I pray? *Asot.* By rising in the cold night to let me in to their Madame. If you hear a waiting-woman coughing, follow her: she will infallibly direct you to some that has been a mistresse of mine.

Ball. I have read loves tacticks to him, and he knowes
The military discipline of wooing:
To rank and file his kisses: How to muster
His troups of complements, and——*Tyn.* I do believe you.
Go on——return victorious. O poore heart,
What sorrows dost thou teem with! Here she comes.

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Asotus, Ballio, Evadne.

Tyn. AND is it possible so divine a Goddesse
Should fall from heaven to wallow here in sin
With a Babion as this is?——My Evadne.
Why should a sadnesse dwell upon this cheek
To blast the tender roses? spare those tears
To pitie others; thy unspotted soul
Has not a stain in 't to be washt away
With penitent waters. Do not grieve; thy sorrows
Have forc'd mine eyes too to this womanish weaknesse.

Asot. A pretty enemy. I long for an encounter.
Who would not be valiant to fight under such colours?

Evad. My lord, 't is guilt enough in me to challenge
A sea of tears, that you suspect me guilty.
I would your just sword would so courteous be
As to unrip my heart; there you shall read
In characters sad lovers use to write,
Nothing but innocence and true faith to you.

Tyn. I have lost all distrust; seal me my pardon

In

In a chaſt turtles kiſſe. The doves that draw
The roſie chariot of the Queen of Love,
Shall not be link'd in whiter yokes then we.
Come let us kiſſe, Evadne.——Out temptation!
There was too much, and that too wanton heat
In thy laſcivious lip——Go to the ſtews;
I may perchance be now and then a cuſtomer,
But do abjure thee from my chaſter ſheets.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. VIII.

Evadne, Ballio, Aſotus.

Evad. THen from the world abjure thy ſelf, Evadne,
And in thy quiet death ſecure the thoughts
Of troubled Tyndarus.——My womaniſh courage
Could prompt me on to die, were not that death
Doubled in loſing him. Th'Elyſian fields
Can be no paradiſe while he's not there:
The walks are dull without him. *Aſot.* Such a qualm
O' th' ſudden. *Ball.* Fie, turn'd coward? Reſolution
Is the beſt ſword in warre. *Aſot.* Then I will on,
And boldly.——Yet——*Ball.* What? will you loſe the day
E're you begin the battel? *Aſot.* Truly, Tutour,
I have an ague takes me every day,
And now the cold fit 's on me. *Ball.* Go home and bluſh,
Thou ſonne of fear. *Aſot.* Nay, then I 'll venture on,
Were ſhe ten thouſand ſtrong. Hail heavenly Queen
Of beautie, moſt illuſtrious Cupids daughter
Was not ſo fair. *Ball.* His mother. *Aſot.* 'T is no matter.
The ſillie Damſell underſtands no Poetrie.
Deigne me thy lip as blue as azure bright.
Bal. As red as ruby bright. *Aſot.* What's that to th' purpoſe?
Is not azure blue as good as ruby red?
Evad. It is not charitable mirth to mock
A wretched Ladies griefs. The gods are juſt,

And

And may requite you with a scorn as great
As that you throw on me. *Asot.* Not kisse a Gentleman?
And my father worth thousands?——Resolution,
Spurre me to brave atchievements. *Evadn.* Such a rudenesse
Some Ladies by the valour of their servants
Could have redeem'd.——Ungentle god of Love,
Write me not down among the happier names;
I onely live a martyr in thy flames. *Exit.*

Asot. This is such a masculine feminine gender.

Ball. She is an Amazon both stout and tall.

Asot. Yet I got this by struggling. If I hit you not, A diamond ring out of her eare.
Proud squeamish coynesse.——Tutour, such an itch
Of kissing runnes all o're me. I'll to Phryne,
And fool away an hour or two in dalliance.

Ball. Go, I must stay to wait on fair Techmessa;
Who is as jealous of young Pamphilus
As Tyndarus of Evadne. *Asot.* Surely, Tutour,
I must provide me a suit of jealousie:
It will be all the fashion.

SCEN. IX.

Techmessa, Ballio.

Tech. BLesse me! what uncouth fansies tosse my brain!
As in yon arbour sleep had clos'd mine eyes,
Me thought within a flowry plain were met
A troup of Ladies, and my selfe was one.
Amongst them rose a challenge, whose soft foot
Should gentliest presse the grasse, and quickest run.
The prize for which they strove, the heart of Pamphilus.
The victorie was doubtfull. All perform'd
Their course with equall speed, and Pamphilus
Was chosen judge to end the controversie.
Me thought he shard his heart, and dealt a piece
To every Lady of the troup, but me:
It was unkindly done. *Ball.* I have descried——

Tech.

Tech. What, Ballio? *Ball.* A frost in his affections
To you;——but heat above the rage of Dog-dayes
To any other petticoat in Thebes.
I do not think but were the Pox a woman,
He would not stick to court it. *Tech.* O my soul!
Thou hast descried too much.——How sweet it is
To live in ignorance! *Ball.* I did sound him home,
And with such words profan'd your reputation,
Would whet a cowards sword. One that ne're saw you
Rebuk'd my slanderous tongue. I feel the crab-tree still,
While he sat still unmov'd. *Tech.* It cannot be.
Ball. I'll undertake he shall resigne his weapon,
And forswear steel in any thing but knives,
Rather then vemure one small scratch, to salve
Your wounded honour; or, to prove you chaste,
Encounter with a pin.
Tech. I am no common mistresse, nor have need
To entertain a multitude of champions
To draw in my defence.——Yet had he lov'd me,
He could not hear me injur'd with such patience.
Ballio, one triall more: bring me his sword
Rather resign'd then drawn in my defence,
And I shall rest confirm'd. *Ball.* Here's a fine businesse.
What shall I do? go to a cutlets shop,
And buy a sword like that. O 't will not do.
Tech. Will you do this? *Ball.* It is resolv'd. I will
One way or other. Wit, at a dead lift help me.

SCEN. X.

Pægnium, Techmessa, Ballio.

Peg. MAdame, the wretched Pamphilus! *Tech.* What of him?
Peg. Is through your cruelty and suspicion dead.
Ball. That newes revives me. *Tech.* Haste, Techmessa, then:

What

What dost thou here when Pamphilus is dead?
Cast off this robe of clay, my soul, and flie
To overtake him, beare him company
To the Elysian groves: the journey thither
Is dark and melancholy: do not suffer him
To go alone. *Peg.* Madame, I joy to see
With how much sorrow you receive his death.
I will restore you comfort: Pamphilus lives.
Ball. If Pamphilus live, then Ballio's dead again.
Tech. Do you put tricks upon me? we shall have you
On a little counterfeit sorrow, and a few drops
Of womans tears, go and perswade your master
I am deeply in love with him. *Peg.* If you be not,
You ought in justice. *Tech.* I'll give thee a new feather
And tell me what were those three Ladies names
Your master entertain'd last night. *Peg.* Three Ladies!
Tech. You make it strange now. *Peg.* Madame, by all
My master bears a love so firmly constant (oathes
To you, and onely you; he talks, thinks, dreams
Of nothing but Techmessa. When he heares
The sound of your bleſt name, he turns Chameleon,
And lives on that sweet ayr. Here he has sent me (He layes downe his sword, to pull out his letter.
With letters to you; which I should deliver
I know not, nor himselfe: for first he writes,
And, when the letter likes him not, begins
A second style, and so a third and fourth,
And thus proceeds; then reades 'em over all,
And knows not which to send: perchance tears all.
The paper was not faire enough to kisse
So white a hand; that letter was too big,
A line uneven; all excuse prevail'd.
Language, or phrase, or word, or syllable,
That he thought harsh and rough. I have heard him wish
Above all blessings heaven can bestow
(So strange a fansie has affection taught him)
That he might have a quill from Cupids wing

Dipt

Dipt in the milk of Venus, to record
Your praises and his love. I have brought you here
Whole packets of affections. *Ball.* Blessed occasion! *She steals away the sword.*
Here is a conquest purchas'd without bloud.
Though strength and valour fail us, yet we see
There may a field be won by policie. *Exit.*

Tech. Go, Pægnium, tell your master I could wish
That I was his; but bid him choose another.
Tell him he has no hope e're to injoy me;
But bid him not despair. I do not doubt
His constant love to me: yet I suspect
His zeal more fervent to some other saint.
Say I receive his letters with all joy,
But will not take the paines to read a syllable. *Exit.*

Pæg. If I do not think women were got with riddling, whip me: Hocas, Pocas, here you shall have me, and there you shall have me. A man cannot finde out their meaning without the sieve and sheers. I conceive them now to be ingendred of nothing but the wind and the weather-cock. What? my sword gone? Ha! Well. This same pandarly rogue Ballio has got it. He sowes suspicions of my master here, because he cudgels him into manners, and that old scold Dipsas hites him to it. How could such a devill bring forth such an angell as my Lady Techmessa? unless it were before her fall. I know all their plots, and yet they cannot see 'em. Heaven keep me from love, and preserve my eye-sight. Go plot Engineers, plot on:

I'll work a countermine, and 't will be brave,
An old rogue over-reach'd by a young knave. *Exit.*

ACT.

ACT. II. SCEN. I.

Aſotus, Ballio.

Aſot. REvenge, more ſweet then muſcadine and egges,
To day I will embrace thee. Healths in bloud
Are ſouldiers mornings-draughts. Proud, proud Evadne
Shall know what 't is to make a wit her foe,
And ſuch a wit as can give overthrow
To male or female, be they——man or woman.
This can my Tutour do, and I, or——no man.

Ball. And Pamphilus ſhall learn by this dear knock
His liberal valour late beſtowed upon me,
Invention lies at ſafer ward then wit:
This ſword ſhall teach not to provoke the cruel.

Aſot. And by this gemme ſhall I confound a jewel.
S'lid, Tutour, I have a wit too: there was a jeſt *ex tempore*.

SCEN. II.

Aſotus, Ballio, Tyndarus.

Tyn. PHyſitians ſay, there's no diſeaſe ſo dangerous
As when the Patient knows not he is ſick.
Such, ſuch is mine. I could not be ſo ill,
Did I but know I were not well. The fear
Of dangers but ſuſpected is more horrid
Then preſent miſerie. I have ſeen a man,
During the ſtorm, ſhake at the thoughts of death:
Who, when his eyes beheld a certain ruine,
Died hugging of the wave. Were Evadne true,
I were too bleſt; or could I ſay ſhe 's falſe,
I could no more be wretched.——I am well:
My pulſe beats muſick, and my lively bloud

Dances a healthfull measure:—Ha! What's this
Gnaws at my heart? what viperous shirt of Nessus
Cleaves to my skin, and eats away my flesh?
'T is some infection.—*Asot.* Tutour, Let's be gone.
O' my life we are dead men else. *Tyn.* My Asotus?
Asot. Keep your infection to your self. *Tyn.* 'T is love
Is my infection. *Asot.* Nay, then I care not, Tyndarus:
For that is an epidemicall disease,
And is the finest sickness in the world
When it takes two together. *Tyn.* Dear, dear self!
How fares the darling of the age? Say, what successe?
Asot. Did not I tell you, Sir, that I was born
With a caul upon my face? My mother wrapt me
In her own smock. The females fall before me
Like trembling doves before the towring hawk,
While o're the spoils in triumph thus I walk.
Ball. So he takes virgins with his amorous eye,
As spiders web intraps the tender flie. (lawn.
Asot. True, Tutour, true: for I woo'em with cobweb-
Tyn. I know the rest of women may be frail,
Brittle as glasses: but my Evadne stands
A rock of Parian marble, firm and pure.
The crystall may be tainted, and rude feet
Profane the milkie way: The Phœnix self,
Although but one,—no virgin: e're I harbour
Dishonourable thoughts of that bright maid!
No, Tyndarus, reflect upon thy self,
Turn thine eyes inward, see thine own unworthinesse,
That does thy thoughts to this suspicion move:
She loves thee not, 'cause thou deserv'st no love.
Asot. I do not know where the inchantment lies,
Whether it be the magick of mine eyes,
Or lip, or cheek, or brow:—but I suppose
The conjuration chiefly in my nose.
Evadne, Sir, is mine, and woo'd me first.
Troth 't is a pretie lasse; and for a woman

She

She courts in handsome words; and now and then
A polite phrase, and such a feeling appetite,
That having not a heart of flint or steel,
As mine's an easier temper,——I consented
To give her, in the way of alms, a night
Or so:——You guesse the meaning. *Tyn.* Too too well.
And must her lust break into open flames,
To lend the world a light to view her shames?
Could not she take her Page or secretly
Admit a tough back'd Groom into her arms?
Or practice with her Doctour, and take physick
In a close room? But thus, good heavens, to take
Her stallions up i'th' streets: While sin is modest,
It may be healed; but of it once grow impudent,
The fester spreads above all hopes of cure.
I never could observe so strange a boldnesse
In my Evadne. I have seen her cheeks
Blush as if Modestie her self had there
Lain in a bed of coral.——But how soon
Is vertue lost in women! *Bell.* Mistake us not,
Deare Tyndarus: Evadne may be chaste
To all the world——but him. And as for him,
Diana's self, or any stricter Goddesse
Would loose the Virgin zone. I have instill'd
Magnetick force into him, that extracts
Their iron hearts, and fashions them like steel
Upon the anvile to what shape he please.
He knows the minute, the precise one minute,
No woman can hold out in. Come to me, Sir,
I'll teach you in one fortnight by Astrologie
To make each Burgesse in all Thebes——your cuckold.
Asot. As silly lambs do fill the wolves black jaw,
And fearfull harts the generous lions maw,
As whales eat lesser fries; so may your store
The matrones, maids and widows stoop to me.
Tyn. O do not hold me longer in suspense:

The prisoner at the barre may with lesse fear
Hear the sad sentence of his death pronounc'd,
Then stand the doubtfull triall. Pray confirm me.
Asot. Know you this Jewel? *Tyn.* O my sad heart-strings
Asot. If your Evadne be a Phœnix, Tyndarus, (crack!
Some ten moneths hence you may have more o'th'breed.
Tyn. This did I give her, and she vow'd to keep it
By all the oathes religion knew. No Deitie
In all the court of heaven but highly suffers
In this one perjurie. The diamond
Keeps his chaste lustre still, when she has foil'd
A glory of more worth then all those toyes
Proud folly gave such price to. *Asot.* This? a pretty toy;
But of no value to my other tropheys
That the frail tribe has sent me. Your best jewels
Are to be found, Sir, in the weaker vessels;
And that's a mysterie; I have sweat out such
Variety of trifles, their severall kinds
Would pose a learned lapidary: my closet,
By some that knew me not for Cupids favourite,
Has been mistaken for a Jewellers shop.
Ball. And then for ribbands, points, for knots, and shoe-
Or, to slip higher, garters, no Exchange (strings,
Affords such choice of wares. *Asot.* Phœbus, whip
Thy lazy team, run head-long to the West,
I long to taste the banquet of the night.
Sir, if you please, when I am surfeted,
To take a prety breakfast of my leavings——
Tyn. Where art thou, patience? Hence contagious mists
That would infect the aire of her pure fame:
My sword shall purge you forth, base drosse of men,
From her refined metall. *Asot.* Blesse me, Tutour!
This is not the precise minute. *Tyn.* Why should I
Afflict my self for her? No, let her vanish.
Shall I retein my love, when she has lost
The treasure of her vertue? Stay, perchance

Her

Her innocence may be wrong'd. Said I, perchance?
That doubt will call a curse upon my head
To plague my unbelief.——But here's a witnesse
Of too-too certain truth stands up against her.
Me thinks the flame that burnt so bright dies in me.
I am no more a captive, I have shak'd
My fetters off, and broke those gyves of steel
That bound me to my thraldome.——My fair prison,
Adieu.——How sweetly breathes this open aire!
My feet, grown wanton with their libertie,
Could dance and caper till I knockt at heaven
With my advanced head. Come, dear Asotus,
There are no pleasures but they shall be ours.
We will dispeople all the elements
To please our palates. Midnight shall behold
Our nightly cups, and wear a blacker mask,
As envious of our jollities. The whole sex
Of women shall be ours. Merchants shall proffer
Their tender brides, Mothers shall run and fetch
Their daughters (ere they yet be ripe) to satisfie
Our liquorish lusts. Then Tyndarus happy call,
That losing one fair maid has purchas'd all.

Asot. You have an admirable method, Tutour:
If this fellow has not been i' my heart I 'll be hang'd,
He speaks my mind so pat. Ha, boon couragio——

Ball. You see what more then miracles art can do.

Tyn. And when we have run o're the catalogue
Of former pleasures, thou, and I, and Ballio
Will sit and studie new ones. I will raise
A sect of new and rare Philosophers,
Shall from my name be call'd Tyndarides.

Asot. And I will raise another sect like these,
That shall from me be call'd——Asotides.
Tutour, my fellow Pupill here and I
Must quaff a bowl of rare Philosophie
To pledge the health of his Tyndarides.

Tyn. Come, blest restorer of my libertie.
Asot. If any friend of yours want libertie
In such a kind as this, you may command me.
For if the brave Tyndarides be not free,
Th'Asorides shall grant them libertie.
Tyn. We will be frolick, boy; and ere we part,
Remember thee, thou mighty man of art.

Exeunt Tyndar. & Asot.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Techmessa.

Ball. THere is besides revenge a kind of sweetnesse
In acting mischief. I could hug my head,
And kisse the brain that hatches such dear rogueries,
Such loving loving rogueries.——Silly Pamphilus,
With thine own sword I'll kill thee, and then trample
On thy poore foolish carcase. Techmessa here?
Then Fortune wait on my designs, and crown 'm
With a successe as high as they deserve.
Tech. Me thinks sometimes I view my Pamphilus
Cloth'd Angel-like in white and sportesse robes;
And straight upon a sudden my chang'd fansie
Presents him black and horrid, all a staine,
More lothsome then a leper. *Ball.* And that fansie
Presents him in his likenesse. All the sinks
And common shores in Thebes are cleanly to him.
Tech. Peace, thou foul tongue. *Bal.* Nay, if you be so squeamish,
I have no womanish itch to prate.——Farewell.
Tech. Nay, do not leave me unresolv'd, good Ballio.
Ball. Why, I did set you out in more vile colours,
Then ever cunning pencill us'd to limbe
Witch, hag, or furie with. *Tech.* Thou couldst not dok,
And live. *Ball.* I am no ghost, flesh and blood still.
I said you had a pretty head of hair,
And such as might do service to the State,

Made

Made into halters: that you had a brow
Hung o're your eyes like flie-flaps: that your eyes
Were like two powdring-tubs, either running o're,
Or full of ſtanding brine: your cheeks were ſunk
So low and hollow they might ſerve the boyes
For cherry-pits. *Tech.* Could Pamphilus heare all this,
And not his blood turn choler? *Ball.* This? and more.
I ſaid your noſe was like a hunters horn,
And ſtood ſo bending up, a man might hang
His hat upon't: that I miſtook the yeare,
And alwayes thought it Winter, when I ſaw
Two icicles at your noſtrils. *Tech.* Have I loſt
All woman, that I can with patience heare
My ſelf thus injur'd? *Ball.* I could beat my ſelf
For ſpeaking it; but 't was to ſound him, Madame.
I ſaid you had no neck: your chin and ſhoulders
Were ſo good friends, they would ha' nothing part 'em;
I vow'd your breaſts for colour and proportion
Were like a writheld pair of 'oreworn footballs.
Your waſte was ſlender, but th' ambitious buttock
Climbes up ſo high about, who ſees you naked
Might ſwear you had been born with a vardingal.
Tech. I am e'n frighted with thy ſtrange deſcription.
Ball. I left, aſham'd and weary: he goes on,
There be more chops and wrinkles in her lips
Then on the earth in heat of Dog-dayes: and her teeth
Look like an old park-pale: She has a tongue
Would make the deaf man bleſſe his imperfection,
That freeshim from the plague of ſo much noiſe:
And ſuch a breath (heaven ſhield us!) as out-vies
The ſhambles and bear-garden for a ſent.
Tech. Was ever ſuch a furie? *Ball.* For your ſhoulders,
He thinks they were ordain'd to underprop
Some beam o'th' Temple; and that's all the uſe
Religion can make of you: Then your feet,
(For I am loth to give the full deſcription)

He vowes they both are cloven. *Tech.* Had all malice
Dwelt in one tongue, it could not ſcandal more.
Is this the man adores me as his ſaint?
And payes his morning oriſons at my window
Duly as at the Temple? Is there ſuch hypocriſie
In loves religion too? Are Venus doves
But white diſſemblers? Is this that Pamphilus
That ſhakes and trembles at a frown of mine,
More then at thunder? I muſt have more argument
Of his apoſtaſie, or ſuſpect you falſe.

Ball. Whoſe ſword is this? *Tech.* 'T is his. And this I tied
About the hilt, and heard him ſwear to fight
Under thoſe colours, the moſt faithfull ſouldier
The fields of Mars or tents of Cupid knew.
Falſe men, reſign your arms. Let us go forth
Like bands of Amazons: for your valours be
Not upright fortitude, but treacherie.

Ball. I urg'd him in a language of that boldneſſe,
As wou'd have fir'd the chilleſt veins in Thebes,
To ſtand in your defence, or elſe reſign
The fruitleſſe ſteel he wore. He bid me take it.
He had not ſo much of Knight errant in him,
To vow himſelf champion to ſuch a doxie.

Tech. Then Love, I ſhoot thy arrows back again,
Retusn 'em to thy quiver, guide thy arm
To wound a breaſt will ſay the dart is welcome,
And kiſſe the golden pile. I am poſſeſt
With a juſt anger. Pamphilus ſhall know
My ſcorn as high as his. *Ball.* Bravely reſolv'd.
Madame, report not me to Pamphilus
Authour of this: for valour ſhould not talk,
And fortitude would loſe it ſelf in words.

Tech. I need no other witneſſe then his ſword.

SCEN.

SCEN. IV.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tyn. TEchmessa? never did I understand
The sweets of life till now. I will pronounce
This for my birth-day. *Tech.* And this happy minute
Has clear'd my soul too of the same disease.
Asot. Then do as Tyndarus did, and go with me;
We 'll drink a pottle to Liberty, and another
Pottle to th'Asotides, and a pottle to the Tyndarides, (des.
And a fourth to the She-philosophers ycleped-Techmessi-

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Asotus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Pamphilus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, welcome; Shake thy sorrows off:
Why in this age of freedome dost thou sit
A captiv'd wretch? I do not feel the weight
Of clay about me. Am I not all aire?
Or of some quicker element? I have purg'd out
All that was earth about me, and walk now
As free a soul as in the separation.
Pam. Brother, if any stream of joy can mix
With such a sea of grief as mine, and lose not
His native sweetnesse, 't is a joy for you.
But I am all bitternesse. *Ball.* Now, Asotus,
The Comedie begins. *Pam.* When will my sufferings
Make my attonement with my angry goddesse?
Do you celestiall forms retein an anger
Eternall as your substance? *Tech.* O fine hair!
An amorous brow, a pretty lovely eye,
A most delicious cheek, a handsome nose!
How nectar-sweet his lips are! and his teeth,
Like two fair ivorie pales, inclose a tongue
Made up of harmonie. Then he has a chin
So full of ravishing dimples, it were pitie

A beard should over-grow it: and his feet
Past all expression comely.

Pam. Do not adde
Contempt to cruelty. Madame, to insult
Upon a prostrate wretch is harder tyrannie
Then to have made him so. *Tech.* And then a shoulder
Straight as the pine or cedar. *Pam.* Curteous death,
Take wings; thou art too slow. *Tech.* I could not heare
Those precious parts defam'd, but I durst fight
In the just quarrel. *Tyn.* 'T is a touchy Tiger.
How happy am I that I have scap'd the dennes
Of these she-wolves! *Ball.* Now my safety lies
Upon a tickliish point——a womans secrecie.
Madame, my reputation is dear to me.

Pam. In what a maze I wander! how my sorrows
Run in a labyrinth! *Tech.* I'll untiddle it.

Ball. St, St. The honour of a man at arms.

Tech. Then know, thou perjur'd Pamphilus, I have learnt
Neglect from thee. *Pam.* Madame, I am all love:
And if the violence of my flame had met
With any heart but marble, I had taught it
Some spark of my affection. *Ball.* Now it heats.

Tech. No doubt the flame is violent, and must work
Upon a breast so capable as mine.

Asot. I think Cupid be turn'd juggler. Here's nothing but Hocas pocas, Praesto be gone, Come again Jack; and such feats of activity.

Tech. But I must tell you, you are false and perjur'd,
Or, what is more, a coward. Tell me, Sir, (To Asotus
(For I suppose you of a nobler soul)
If you should heare your mistresse by rude tongues
Wrong'd in the graces both of mind and beauty,
Could you have suffered it? *Asot.* Madame, were you made
From bones of Hercules and brawn of Atlas,
And daughter were unto Gargantua great,
And wrong my mistresse, you should heare my rage

Provoke

Provoke my blade, and crie, Blade, canst thou sleep
In peacefull scabbard? Out thou beast of terrour,
And Lion-like rore this disdainfull wight
To Pluto's shades and ghosts of Erebus.
Tech. Yet you, my valiant champion could resign
This (if you know it) rather then endure
The terrour of your own steel to redeem
My bleeding honours. *Pam.* How am I betray'd,
And fall'n into the toyls of treacherie!
Give me a man bold as that earth-born race
That bid Jove battel, and besieg'd the gods;
And if I make him not creep like a worm
Upon his belly, and with reverence
Lick up the dust you scatter from your shoe,
May I for ever lose the light I live in, (nesium.
The sight of you. *Tech.* I'll try your spirits: Phro-
Tyn. That blood of goats should soften Adamant!
And poore weak woman with an idle face
Should make the souldier to forget his valour,
And man his sex!

(Intrat Phronesius, et tuetur intrat cum gladio.

Enter Phronesium.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Phronesium.

Tech. HEre's a champion for you.
Phron. Come, Sir, this sword be yours, and if you dare
Maintein the lists against me, as I fear
Your bloud is whey by this time, by your valour
You may redeem your honour and your sword.
Asot. This is another Hercules come from the distaff.
Phron. If not, I do proclaim thee here no Knight,
But mean to post thee up for a vile varlet,
And the disgrace of chivalry. *Pam.* O my shame!

Asot.

Asot. A dainty Lady errant. *Ball.* A fine piece
Of female fortitude. *Phron.* If this stirre thee not,
Thy mistresse is the blemish of her sex,
A dirty filthy huswife. *Pam.* Would it were not
Dishonour now to kill thee! *Phron.* If your valour
Lie in your back-parts, I will make experience
Whether a kick will raise it. Pray go fetch him
Some *aqua vitæ*: for the thought of steel
Has put him in a swound: nothing revive you?
Then will I keep thy sword and hang it up
Amongst my busk-points, pins, and curling-irons,
Bodkins, and vardingals, a perpetual trophey *Exit Phron.*
How brave a Knight you are. *Pam.* Where shall I run
And find a desert, that the foot of man
Ne'r wandred in, to hide from the world's eyes
My shame? S' death, every Page, and sweaty Footman
And sopie Chambermaid will point and laugh at me.
Tyn. I joy to think that I shall meet Evadne
Turn'd on the sudden Moor. How black and vile
She will appear!

SCEN. VII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tyn. O Heavens! who will not dare
Henceforth to scorn your powers, and call sacriledge
Merit and piety? I do not see
A hair deform'd, no tooth or nail sustain
The brand of her deserved shame. You punisht
The Queen of beauty with a mole; but certainly
Her perjurie hath added to her form,
And that the abused gods bribe her with beauty,
As the wrack'd tenant strives to buy the favour
Of his imperious Landlord. *Evad.* Gentle Tyndarus,

Load

Load not weak ſhoulders with too great a burden.

Tyn. O luſt! on what bright altars blaze thy flames,
While chaſtity lets her cold fires glow out
In deform'd temples, and on ruin'd altars!
Tempt me not, ſtrumpet, you that have your hirelings,
And can with jewels, rings and other toyes,
Purchaſe your journymen-lechers. *Evad.* My chaſt eare
Has been a ſtranger to ſuch words as theſe,
I have not ſinne enough to underſtand 'em,
And wonder where my Tyndarus learn'd that language.

Tyn. I am turn'd Eagle now, and have an eye
Dares boldly gaze on that adulterate ſunne.
I muſt be ſhort, who muſt this ring direct
Into your guilty ſheets? *Evad.* I do not know
How I ſhould loſe that pledge of my Lords love:
But 't is not in the power of any thief
To ſteal away the heart I have vowed yours:
And would to all the gods I had kept it there!

Aſot. Come, bluſh not, baſhfull belly-piece——I will meet thee:
I ever keep my word with a fair Lady.
I will requite that jewell with a richer.
The glorious heavens array'd in all their ſtarres
Shall not outſhine thee. Be not, girl, aſham'd.
Theſe are acquainted with it. I would vex 'em
To night with the remembrance of thoſe ſports
We ſhall enjoy: then pleaſures double riſe,
When both we feed, and they ſhall Tantalize.

Evad. It is not manly in you, Sir, to ruine
A virgins fame with hazard of your own.

Aſot. Tut, laſſie, no matter, we 'll be manly anon.

Tyn. A fine diſſembler! ha! what tumult 's here?

Enter Pagnium and officers.

SCEN.

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Asotus, Techmessa, Evadne, Pamphilus, Pægnium, and Officers.

Pæg. THat's he, I charge you apprehend the villain.
1. Offic. Villain, we repriehend thee. *Bal.* Slaves, for what?
2. Offic. For an arrant cutpurse: you stole away this little Gentlemans sword; and being done by chance-medley, 't is flat felonie by statute.

Pam. I thank thee, Innocence. Though earth disclaim
Thy title, heaven denies thee not protection.
Pæg. Confesse, or I will have thee instantly
Hang'd for a sign on thine own post. *Bal.* Well, villany,
Thou wilt not thrive. Sir, for 't was you I wrong'd,
I do confesse the sword by which I rais'd
So strange a scandal on you, was by me
Stol'n from your Page, as he delivered letters
From you to your Techmessa; and the plot
Was fashion'd by her mother, though ill fortune
Made me th' unlucky instrument. *Asot.* Curs'd Tutour,
Thou hast read nothing to me worth the learning,
But th' high way to th' gallows. There shall we
Hang up like vermine. Little did I think
To make the women weep and sob to see
Th' untimely end of two such proper men.
This mouth was never made to stand awry,
And sure my neck was long enough before.
Lady, upon my humbled knees I beg
Pardon for faults committed. I acknowledge
That striving with felonious intent
To steal a kisse or two from your sweet lips,
From your sweet eare I stole a ring away.
Pæg. For which your sweet neck must endure the halter.
Tyn. I am again thy servant, mighty love!
O my Evadne, how shall I appear
So bold as but to plead in mine own cause?

It

It is so foul that none can seal my pardon,
But you that should condemn me. *Evad.* Sir, you know
The power I have is yours: be your own judge,
And seal your pardon here. *Tyn.* 'Tis double life
Granted by such a seal. *Tech.* What punishment
Shall we inflict on these? *Asot.* Gentle Lady,
E'n what you please——but hanging;——that's a death
My enemies will hit me in the teeth with.
Besides, it makes a man look like a cat
When he cries mew. *Bal.* I'll bark and bite awhile
Before the dogs death choke me. *Asot.* Pray dismisse
This pack of hounds: and since we both are guilty,
Let us bestow on one anothers shoulders
The good and wholesome counsel of a cudgel.

Peg. Pray let me intercede. *Asot.* Thanks pretty little Gentleman.

Tyn. Officers, you are discharged. *Asot.* Are the mad dogs gone? *Exeunt officers.*
Come Tutour, I must reade a while to you
Under correction.——Not so hard, good Tutour.

Tyn. Enough. *Asot.* Nay, one bout I beseech you more
To make up satisfaction. *Bal.* Well, for this
I'll have one engine more; my bad intents
Mend not, but gather strength by punishments.

Tyn. Your satisfaction now is full and ample.

Asot. Nay we must have the health i'th' crab-tree cup too.
One to th' Tyndarides, another to th' Asotides,
And one, my dear Instructour, to the Techmesides.

Pam. Nay, now your penance doth exceed your crime.

Asot. Say you so? nay, then here's a health to the Pamphilides too;
And, for his noble sake, to the Evadnides,
And all Philosophie sects whate'r they be.

Evad. Your justice to your selves is too severe.

Asot. Then I ha' done: farewell, and hearty thanks.
But, Tutour, stay, this little Gentleman

Has

Has been forgot:——Pray, Sir, what may I call you?
Pæg. My name is Pægnium. —— *Asot.* I were most unthankfull
To passe o're you.——To the Pægniades, Tutour:
You have brought us to a fair passe, Tutour. *Ball.* Tush,
'T was but to exercise your passive valour.
Asot. Your passive valour? give me your active valour:
I do not like your black and blue valour,
When bones shall ake with magnanimitie.

Exeunt Asot. Ball. Pæg.

SCEN. IX.

Tyndarus, Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmessa.

Tyn. BRother, I find my soul a troubled sea
Whose billows are not fully quieted,
Although the storm be over. Therefore, Pamphilus,
By the same wombe that bred us, and the breasts
Of our dead mother Lalage, I conjure thee,
With all the charms that love can teach thee,
Assault Evadne's faith: if thou report her
Constant, I end my jealousie: if frail,
The torrent of my love shall bend his course
To finde some other chanel. *Pam.* By that love
That made us twins, though born at severall births,
That grew along with us in height and strength,
I wil be true. Farewell. *Tyn.* Be sudden, Pamphilus. *Ex. Tyn.*
Evad. Me thinks this should confirm you. *Tech.* That he was not
Guilty of this, acquits him not of all:
To prove a man free from an act of theft,
Assoils him not of murder. No, no, sister;
Tempt him with kisses, and what other dalliance
Craft and indulgent nature hath taught woman
To raise hot youth to appetite; if he yeeld not,
I will put off distrust. I do not know

Whom

Whom I durſt truſt but you. *Evad.* Though mine own love
Find me enough of buſineſſe, yet in hope
That you will ſecond me in my occaſions
I undertake the task. *Tech.* Take heed, Evadne,
Leſt, while you counterfeit a flame, you kindle
A reall fire. —I dare not be too confident.
Hence will I cloſely pry into their actions,
And overheare their language; for if my ſiſter
See with my eyes, ſhe cannot chooſe but love him
In the ſame height with me.

SCEN. X.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Techmeſſa in inſidiis.

Pam. IT grieves me that a Lady of your worth,
Young, ſoft, and active as the ſpring, the ſtarre
And glory of our nation, ſhould be prodigall
Of your affections, and miſplace your love
On a regardleſſe boy. *Evad.* Sir, the ſame pitie
I muſt return on you. Were I a man
Whom all the Ladies might grow rivals for,
(As leſſe you cannot be) I would not loſe
My ſervice to a Miſtreſſe of ſo coy
And proud an humour: —True, ſhe is my ſiſter;
But the ſame womb produces ſeverall natures.
I ſhould have entertein'd ſo great a bleſſing
With greater thankfulneſſe. *Pam.* That my ſtarres ſhould be
So croſſe unto my happineſſe! *Evad.* And my fate
So cruel to me! *Pam.* Sweet, it is in us
To turn the wheel of Fortune; ſhe 's a goddeſſe
That has no deitie where diſcretion reignes.
Evad. But ſhall I wrong my ſiſter? *Pam.* Do not I
Give juſt exchange, and loſe a brother for her?
Our ſufferings have been equall, and their prides.
They muſt be equall necks that can draw even
In the ſame yoke. *Evad.* I have obſerv'd, the chariot

Of the great Cyprian Queen links not together
The dove with sparrows; but the turtle joyns
With turtles, and the sparrow has his mate.
Pam. See if one softnesse kisse not in our lips.
Evad. One lip not meets the other with more sympathie
Then yours met mine. *Pam.* Let's make the second triall.

SCEN. XI.

Techmessa, Pamphilus, Evadne.

Tech. I Can endure no longer,——gentle sister.
Evad. I cannot blame your jealousie: for I find——
Tech. Too much of sweetnesse in his amorous lips.
There is no tie in nature; faith in bloud
Is but a thing that should be. Brothers, sisters,
Fathers, and mothers, are but specious names
Of love and duty: you and I have been
But guests in the same womb, that at first meeting
Change kind and friendly language, and next morning
Fall out before they part, or at least ride
Contrary rodes. *Evad.* Will you then misconstrue
The service I perform'd at your request?
Tech. Henceforth I 'll set the Kite to keep my chickens,
And make the Wolf my shepherd.

SCEN. XII.

Evadne, Techmessa, Pamphilus, Tyndarus.

Tyn. PAmphilus, how is't? *Pam.* I know not how to answer thee.
She met me with more courtship then I tender'd.
Tech. Sir, we are both abus'd, and the same womb
That gave us life was fruitfull to our ruine.
Your traitour wears the mask call'd Brother: mine
As cunning a disguise, the name of Sister.
These eyes are witnesse, that descried 'em kissing

Closet

Closer then cockles, and in lustfull twines
Outbid the ivy, or the circling arms
Of winding vines. Their hot embraces met
So neare, and folded in so close a knot,
As if they would incorporate, and grow one.
Tyn. Then farewell all respect of bloud and friendship:
I do pronounce thee stranger. If there can be
Valour in treacherie, put thy trust in steel
As I do, not in brothers——Draw, or die.
Pam. Brother. *Tyn.* I hate the name: it is a word
Whets my just anger to a sharper edge.
Pam. Heare me. *Tyn.* I will no pleading but the sword.
Wert thou protected by Apollo's temple,
Or hadst the altar for securitie,
Religion should not bind me from thy death.
Couldst thou retreat into my mothers womb,
There my revenge should find thee. I am sudden,
And talk is tedious. *Pam.* Bear me witnesse, heaven,
This action is unwilling.

SCEN. XIII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Evadne, Chremylus, Dipsas.

Chrem. PUt up for shame those rude unhallowed blades,
And let not rash opinion of a valour
Perswade you to be Patricides. Pray remember
You thirst but your own bloud. He that o'recomes,
Loses the one half of himself. *Tyn.* Dear Chremylus,
The reverence to your age hath tyed my hands:
But were my threed of life measur'd by his,
I'd cut it off, though we both fell together;
That my incensed soul might follow his,
And to eternity prosecute my revenge.
Pam. Brother, at your entreaty I adventured
To court Evadne; and, because I found her

Againſt my mind, too eaſie to my ſuit,
Your rage falls heavie on me. *Tech.* On my knees
I beg, dear father, cloyſter me in darkneſſe,
Or ſend me to the deſert to converſe
With nothing but a wilderneſſe, or expoſe me
To the cold mercy of the wind and wave,
So you will free me from the companie
Of a falſe ſiſter. *Evad.* Sir, with much perſwaſion
She wrought on me to perſonate a love
To Pamphilus, to find if I could ſtagger
The faith he vow'd to her. This have I done,
And this ſo much hath mov'd her. *Chrem.* Here you ſee
The fruits of raſhneſſe. Do you find your errour?
But the foul ſpring, from whence theſe bitter ſtreams
Had their firſt head, I fear, is from you, Dipſas.
Dip. I will no more denie it: I have ſown
Thoſe ſeeds of doubt, wiſhing to ſee diſſenſion
Ripe for the ſickle——For what cauſe, I now
Forbear to ſpeak——But henceforth I will ſtrive
To clear thoſe jealouſies, and conclude their loves
In a bleſt nuptiall. *Tyn.* O how frail is man!
One Sunny day the exhalation rears
Into a cloud: at night it falls in tears. *Exeunt.*

ACT. III. SCEN. I.

Dipſas, Tyndarus.

Tyn. IF it be not immodeſtie to demand
So bold a queſtion, I would be reſolv'd
Of one doubt yet. *Dip.* Speak boldly: by all holineſſe
My anſwer ſhall be true. *Tyn.* When you were young,
And lively appetite revelled in your bloud,
Did you not find rebellion in your veins?

Did

Did not the ſame embraces tedious grow,
And cauſe a longing in your thoughts to taſte
Varieties of men? *Dip.* I bluſh, I cannot anſwer
With a deniall; not a proper Gentleman
But forc'd my goatiſh eye to follow him:
And, when I had ſurvey'd his parts, I would
With any loſſe of honour, wealth, and friendſhip,
Have bought him to my bed: and truly, Sir,
T'was cheap at any rate. *Tyn.* Steel'd impudence!
What fruit can I expect the bough ſhould bear
That grows from ſuch a ſtock? *Dip.* I had of late
A moneths mind, Sir, to you: Y'ave the right make
To pleaſe a Lady. *Tyn.* Sure this old piece of luſt,
When ſhe is dead, will make her grave a brothell,
And tempt worms to adulterate her carcaſſe.

Dip. And that 's the reaſon I have croſs'd my daughter
To further mine own love. Pitie me, Sir;
For though the fewel's ſpent, there is a ſpark
Rak'd up i' th' embers.—But I now deſiſt.
Pleaſe you to go to Ballio 's houſe, my daughter
Shall meet you there:—I hope that out of dutie
She will not grudge her mother a good turn
When ſhe is married—now & then. *Tyn.* Is there no houſe
To meet at but this Ballio's? Is Evadne
Acquainted there? is that the rendezvous
Of her hot meetings?—yet I ſtill ſuſpect
This womans malice to her child not loſt.
I will beſtow ſome time, and go to ſee
The ſtrange event of this dark myſterie.

Exit Tyndarus.

SCEN. II.

Dipſas, Ballio.

Dip. BAllio. *Ball.* Madame. *Dip.* See your houſe be ſtor'd
With the deboiſeſt Roarers in the citie:

Let every room be fill'd with noise and quarrelling,
For Tyndarus is to meet Evadne there.
You guesse the rest; if not, this purse of gold
Better inform you. *Exit Dipsas.*

Ball. Most celestiall Lady.
Though I have practiced villanie from my cradle,
And from my dug suckt mischief more then milk,
This furie still out-does me.——I am vext,
Vext to the heart, to see a silly woman
Carry more devils in her then my self.
And yet I love thee,——thou the-rogue, I love thee.
Had I but such a wife, what a fine brood
Of toads could I beget!

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Simo.

Ball. HEre comes my mole,
The sonne of earth, that digs his mothers entrails
To turn up treasure for his boy and me;
That with industrious eyes searches to hell
To buy us heaven on earth. Welcome, welcome,
Thou age of gold; how do the bags at home?
Are all the chests in health? thrives the purse still?
And sayes it to the talents, Multiply?

Sim. Thanks to my providence, like a swarm. Wealth fals
Not in small drops upon me, (as at first)
But like a torrent overthrows the bank,
As it would threat a deluge. Were it not pitie
My boy should not invent sluces enow
To drain the copious stream? *Ball.* A thousand pities
That you should lose the fruits of so much care.

Sim. True, Ballio, true. *Ball.* Trust me, what art can do
Shall not be wanting. *Sim.* I 'll not be ungratefull.
It lies in you to turn these silver haires
To a fresh black again, and by one favour

Cut

Cut fourtie years away from the gray summe.
Ball. I had rather cut off all, and be our own carvers. *Aside*
Sir, if I had Medea's charms to boyl
An aged ramme in some inchanted caldron
Till he start up a lamb, I would recall
Your youth, and make you like the aged snake
Cast off this wrinkled skin, and skip up fresh
As at fifteen. *Sim.* All this you may and more.
If you will place me where I may unseen
Make my eye witnesse of my sonnes delight,
I shall enjoy the pleasures by beholding 'em.
Ball. True, Sir, you know he 's but your second self,
The same you might have been at one and twenty:
The blisse is both alike. *Sim.* Most philosophicall!
Ball. Place your self there. *Sim.* I ha' no words but these
To thank you with. *Ball.* This is true Rhetorick.

SCEN. IV.

Asotus, Ballio, Bomolochus, Charitus, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Simo in angulis.

Asot. COme forth, my Rascalls: Let the thriving Lord
Confine his family unto half a man
Yclep'd a——Page. Our honour be attended
With men of arts and arms. Captains and Poets
Shall with the Bilbo blade and gray goose quill
Grace our retinue.——And, when we grow surly,
Valour and wit fall prostrate at our frown;
Crouch imps of Mars, and frogs of Helicon.
Sim. How they adore him! and the perilous wagge
Becomes his state: To see what wealth can do,
To those that have the blessing how to spend it!
Ball. Your blessing was the wealth: the art of spending
He had from me. *Sim.* Once more I give thee thanks.
Thras. Who dares offend thee, Lord of fortitude,
And not pay homage to thy potent toe,

Shall be a morſell for the dogs. *Aſot.* Stoutly deliver'd,
My brave Thraſymachus——Thou for this ſhalt feed.
I will not ſuffer valour to grow lean,
And march like famine. I have ſeen an armie
Of ſuch a meagre troop, ſuch thin-chapt ſtarvelings,
Their barking ſtomachs hardly could refrain
From ſwallowing up the foe, ere they had ſlain him.
Hyper. If thou command our ſervice, we will die
Dull earth with crimſon, till the tears of orphanes,
Widows and mothers waſh it white again:
Wee'l ſtrow thy walks with legs, and arms, and thighs,
And pay thee tribute thouſand heads a day,
Freſh bleeding from the trunk: and panting hearts
Not dead ſhal leap in thy victorous paw.
Aſot. Then ſay thou too to Hunger——Friend, adieu!
Ballio, condemne a bagge; let traſh away,
See'em both arm'd in ſcarlet cap-a-pe.
Strike top-ſaile, men of warre. *Ball.* We muſt divide:
We that ſerve great men have no other ſhifts
To thrive our ſelves, but gelding our Lords gifts.
Sim. Now I am rich indeed: this is true treaſure.
Aſot. Ha! has Melpomene ta'ne cold of late,
That you are ſilent, my Parnaſſian beagles?
Is Clio dumbe? or has Apollo's Jews-trump
By ſad diſaſter loſt her melodious tongue?
Cher. Your praiſe all tongues deſire to ſpeak: but ſome,
Nay all, I fear, for want of art grow dumb.
The harp of Orpheus bluſhes for to ſing,
And ſweet Amphions voice hath crackt a ſtring.
Aſot. A witty ſoleciſme; reward the errour! harp & ſing, voice and ſtring.
Bom. Give me a breath of thunder; let me ſpeak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with the noiſe obſtreperous. I will warble
Such bounſing notes ſhall cleave obdurate marble
Upon mount Caucaſus heavens-knocking head;

Boreas

Boreas ſhall blow my trumpet, till I ſpread
Thy fame, grand Patron of the thrice three ſiſters,
Till envies eares ſhall heare it and have bliſters.
Aſot. O rare cloſe! a high ſublime conceit!
For this I 'll ſheath thee in a new ſerge ſcabbard,
Blade of the fount Pegaſean. *Sim.* What an honour
Will our bloud come to! —— I have ſatisfied
For all the Orphanes, Widows, and what others
My ſacred hunger hath devour'd. *Aſot.* Ballio,
Bleſſe him with twenty drachmes——yet forbear:
Money may ſpoil his Poet ry. Give 's ſome wine,
Here is a whetſtone both for wit and valour.
A health to all my beadſ-men of the ſword.
Thr. Hyp. This will engage the men of arms to fight.
Aſot. This to the Muſes, and their threed-bare tribe.
Cher. Bom. Thou doſt engage the learned troups to write.
Aſot. Go ſonnes of Mars with young Apollo 's brood,
And uſher in my Venus: wine hath warm'd
My bloud, and wak'd it to an itch of ſporting.

Exeunt Bom. Hyp. Cher. Thr. for to fetch in Pla. Aſotus the while is putting on his armour.

Bal. Some twenty ages hence 't will be a queſtion (more:
Which of the two the world will reverence
You for a thriving father, or Aſotus
So liberall a ſonne. *Sim.* Good, Ballio, good:
But which will they preferre? *Bal.* They cannot, Sir,
But muſt admire your fiſt, which grip'd ſo much
That made his hand ſo open. *Sim.* Gracious ſtarres,
How bleſt ſhall I be twenty ages hence!
Some twenty ages hence! *Bal.* You ſhall be call'd
A doting Cocbscomb twenty ages hence.

SCEN.

SCEN. V.

Charilus, Bomoloschus, before personating two Mercuries, Phryne in an antique robe and coronet, guarded in by Hyperbolus and Thrasymachus.

Asot. HOw bright and glorious are the beams my starre
Darts from her eye! Lead up my Queen of beauty,
But in a softer march, sound a retreat:
Lead on again, I 'll meet her in that state
The God of warre puts on when he salutes
The Cyprian Queen:——These that were once the postures
Of horrid battels, are become the muster
Of Love and beauty. Say, sweet brace of Mercuries,
Is she th'Olympick——or the Paphian goddesse?

Ball. Where are you Sir, where are you? *Sim.* In Elysium, in Elysium.

Char. This is no goddesse of th'——Olympick hall.

Bom. Nor may you her of Neptunes issue call.

Char. For she nor Siren is nor Amphitrite.

Bom. Nor wood-nymph that in forrest takes delight.

Char. Nor is she Muse. *Bom.* Nor Grace. *Char.* Nor is she one of these
That haunt the springs, the beauteous Naiades.

Bom. Nor Flora, Lady of the field, is she.

Char. Nor bright Pomona, th' Orchards deity.

Bom. No, she is none of these. *Char.* Oh then prepare
To hear her blessed name. *Both.* 'T is Phryne fair.

Asot. Phryne the fair? Oh peace! if this be she,
Go forth, and sing the world a lullabie.
For thy dear sake in whom is all delight,
I will no more the trembling nations fright
With bellowing drummes and grones of slaughter'd men.
My father brings the golden age agen.

Phryn. Pardon me, dreadfull Deity of warre,
'T was love of you that forc'd me from my sphere,
And made me leave my orb without her influence,

To

To meet you in the furie of the fight,
Sweating with rage, and reeking in the bloud
Of wretches sacrific'd to the Stygian floud.
Asot. Come forth, thou horrid instrument of death.
Ball. Do you hear him, Sir? *Sim.* I, to my comfort, Ballio.
Asot. I will dispeople earth, and drown the world
In crimson flouds and purple deluges.
The old, the young, the weak, the lusty wight,
Souldiers and scholars, fair and foul together,
Men, women, children, infants, all shall die,
I will have none survive that shall have left
Above one eye, three quarters of a face,
And half a nose. I will carve legs and arms,
As at a feast. Henceforth to all posterity
Mankind shall walk on crutches. *Phryn.* Cruel Mars!
Let the conjunction of my milder starre
Temper the too malignant force of thine.
The drumme, the fife, and trumpet shall be turn'd
To lutes and citherns. We will drink in helmets,
And cause the souldier turn his blade to knives,
To conquer capons and the stubble goose:
No weapons in the age to come be known,
But shield of Bacon, and the sword of Brawn.
Deigne me a kisse, great Warriour. *Asot.* Hogsheads of Nectar
Are treasur'd in the warehouse of her lips.
That kisse hath ransom'd thousands from the grave.
Phryn. Let me redeem more thousands with a second.
Asot. Rage melts away. I pardon half the world.
Phryn. O let me kisse away all rigour from thee.
Asot. Live, mortalls, live. Death has no more to do.
And yet me thinks a little rigour's left.
Phryn. Thus shall it vanish. *Asot.* Vanish, rigour, vanish.
Harnesse the lions, make my chariot ready:
Venus and I will ride. *Phryn.* How? drawn by lions?
Asot. I, thou shalt kisse 'em till their rigour vanish
(As mine has) into aire. I will have thee play

With

With Ounces, Tigers, and the Panthers whelp,
As with a Squirrell. Bears shal wait on thee,
And spotted Leopards shall thy Monkies be.
Sit down, my Queen, and let us quaff a bowl.
Seest thou, my Phryne, what a fair retinue
I have provided thee? These for thy defense
'Gainst any Lady rivals thee in beauty.
And these on all occasions shall vent forth
Swelling Encomiums.——Say, Bomolochus,
How sings my mistresse?

Bom. The Grashopper chaunts not his autumn quire
So sweet, nor Cricket by the chimney-fire.

Asot. They 'll make thee any thing. Thou art already
Cricket & Grashopper.——Chærilus, how does she dance?

Cher. Have you beheld the little sable beast
Clad in an Ebon Mantle, hight a flea,
Whose supple joynts so nimbly skip and caper
From hemme to sleeve, from sleeve to hemme again,
Dancing a measure o'r a Ladies smock,
With motion quick and courtly equipage?
So trips fair Phryne o'r the flowry stage.

Asot. Now thou art a flea ——How snorts she as she sleeps?

Bom. Zephyrus breathes not with a sweeter gale
Through a grove of sycomore. The soft spring
Chides not the pebbles that disturb his course
With sweeter murmur. Ler Amphions lute
(That built out Thebane walls) be henceforth mute.
Orpheus shall break his harp, and silent be
The reed of Pan, the pipe of Mercurie:
Yea though the spheres be dumb, I care not for 't:
No musick such as her melodious snort.

Asot. Melodious snort! With what decorum spits she?

Cher. Like the sweet gummes that from Electar trees
Distill, or hony of the labouring bees:
Like morning dew that in a pleasant showre
Drops pearls into the bosome of a flowre;
Cupid with acorn cups close by her sits

To

To snatch away the Nectar that she spits.
Asot. Ballio, present me with the crowns of laurel.
Thus I drop wine the best of Helicon
On your learn'd heads, and crown you thus with bayes.
Rise Poets laureat both! Favour, Apollo!
Both. The Muses and Asotus be propitious!
Asot. I will not have you henceforth sneak to Taverns,
And peep like fiddlers into Gentlemens rooms,
To shark for wine and radishes; not lie sentinell
At Ordinaries, nor take up at playes
Some novice for a supper: you shall deal
No more in ballads, to bewail an execution
In lamentable rhythmes: nor beg in Elegies:
Nor counterfeit a sickness to draw in
A contribution: nor work journey-work
Under some play-house poet, that deals in
Wit by retail: nor shall you task your brains
To grace a Burgesse new post with a Rebus:
Or furnish a young suiter with an Anagramme
Upon his mistresse name: nor studie posies
For rings and bracelets.——Injure not the bough
Of Daphne: know that you are laureat now.
Ball. How like you this discourse? *Sim.* Excellent well.
It is a handsome lasse. If I were young
(As I am not decrepit) I would give
A talent for a kisse. *Phryn.* Come, beauteous Mars
I 'll kemb thy hair smooth as the ravens feather,
And weave those stubborn locks to amorous bracelets;
Then call a livelier red into thy face,
And soften with a kisse thy rugged lips.
I must not have this beard so rudely grow,
But with my needle I will set each hair
In decent order, as you rank your squadrons.
Asot. Here 's a full bowl to beauteous Phryne 's health.
What durst thou do, Thrasymachus, to the man
That should denie it? *Thras.* Dissect him into atomes.

Hyper.

Hyper. I durst do more for beauteous Phryne 's sake.
Thras. What, more then I? Hyperbolus, thou art mortall.
Hyper. Yeeld, or I see a breakfast for the crows.
Thras. Death to my lungs, I spit upon thy fame.
Hyper. Then with my steel I whip the rash contempt.
Asot. Brawling, you mastives?——Keep the peace at home,
And joyn your forces 'gainst the common foe.
Phryn. You sha' not be angry: by this kisse you sha' not.
Asot. I will, unlesse you swear again. *Phryn.* You sha'not.
Sim. Ah Ballio! age has made me as dry as tinder,
And I have taken fire. I burn, I burn.
The spark rak'd up in ashes is broke forth,
And will consume me, Ballio. *Ball.* What 's the matter?
Sim. Love, cruel love, I must enjoy that Lady,
Whatever price it cost me. *Ball.* Your sonnes mistresse?
Sim. Sonne or not sonne.——Let this intreat, and this.
Ball. This will perswade. I must remove your sonne,
His furie else will surely stand 'twixt us
And our designs.——Old lecher, I will fit you,
And geld your bags for this. You shall be milk'd,
Emptied and pumpt. Spunge, we will squeeze you, spunge,
And send you to suck more.——Invincible Mars.
Asot. What sayes the governour of our younger years?
Ball. You have worn this plot of Mars too stale already.
O shift your self into all shapes of love.
Women are taken with varietie.
What think you of Oberon the King of Fayries?
I know 't will strike her fansie.
Asot. Businesse calls.
Drink on, for our return shall sudden be.

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus, Phryne.

Ball. PHryne, here is a boy of wealth, my girl,
The golden bull that got this golden calf,

Deeply

Deeply in love with her. *Phryn.* Let me alone,
I 'll fleece him.—*Ball.* Melt him, Phryne, melt him:
We muſt not leave this Mine, till we have found
The largeneſſe of the vein.—Suck like an horſe-leach.
Come, Sir, and boldly enter: I have chalkt out
An eaſie path to tread in; 't will direct you
To your wiſht journyes end, and lodge you ſafe
In her ſoft arms. *Sim.* Thou art my better Angel.
Wilt thou eat gold, drink gold, lie in gold?
I have it for thee. Old men are twice children;
And ſo was I, but I am grown again
Up to right man.—Thou ſhalt be my Tutour too.
Is there no ſtools, or tables? *Ball.* What to do?
Sim. I would vault over them, to ſhew the ſtrength
And courage of my back. *Ball.* Strike boldly in, Sir.
Sym. Save you, Gentlemen. If you want gold, here's for you.
Give me ſome wine: Miſtreſſe, a health to you:
Pledge me, and ſpice the cup with theſe and theſe.
Thou ſhalt have better gowns. *Thraſ.* A brave old boy.
Hyper. There's metall in him. *Cher.* I will ſing thy praiſe
In lines heroick. *Bom.* I will tune my lyre,
And chaunt an ode that ſhall eternize thee.
Phryn. Of what a ſweet aſpect! how lovely look'd
Is this fine Gentleman!—I hope you know
It is in Thebes the cuſtome to ſalute
Fair Ladies with a kiſſe.—*Sim.* She is enamour'd.
Sure I am younger then I thought my ſelf.
Fair-Lady, health and wealth attend thee.
Phryn. Good Sir, another kiſſe: you have a breath
Compos'd of odours. *Sim.* Buy thee toyes with this:
I 'll ſend thee more. *Phryn.* How raviſhing is his face!
Sim. That I ſhould have ſo raviſhing a face,
And never know it!—Miſer that I was!
I will go home and buy a looking-glaſſe,
To be acquainted with my parts hereafter.

Phryn.

Phryn. Come, lie thee down by me; here we will sit.
How comely are these silver hairs! This hand
Is e'ne as right to my one mind, as if
I had the making of it. Let me throw
My arms about thee. *Ball.* How the burre cleaves to him!
Sim. This remnant of my age will make amends
For all the time that I have spent in care.
Phryn. Give me thy hand. How smooth a palm he has!
How with a touch it melts! *Ball.* The rogue abuses him
With his greasie fists. *Phryn.* Let us score kisses up
On one anothers lips. Thou shalt not speak,
But I will suck thy words e're they have felt
The open aire.—*Sim.* That I should live so long,
And ignorant of such a wealth as this!

SCEN. VII.

Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Chærilus, Bomolochus, Phryne, Asotus.

Asot. NOw am I Oberon prince of Fairie land,
And Phryne shall be Mab my Empresse fair:
My souldiers two I 'll instantly transform
To Will-with-a-wisp, and Robin-goodfellow,
And make my brace of Poets transmigrate
Into Pigwiggin and Sir Peppercorn.
It were a pretty whimsie now to counterfeit
That I were jealous of my Phryne's love.
The humour would be excellent, and become me
Better then either Tyndarus or Techmessa.
Thus will I walk as one in deadly dumps.
Sym. When shall we marry? *Phryn.* I can hardly stay
Till morning. *Asot.* O what Furie shot
A viper through my soul! Here Love with twenty bows
And twenty thousand arrows layes his siege
To my poore heart.——O Phryne, Phryne!
I have no cause why to suspect thy love.

But

But if all this be cunning, as who knows?
Away, foul sinne. O eyes, what mischief do you see!
Ball. O, I could burst with laughter. Here will be
A pretty scene of mirth. *Sim.* Thou dost not love me.
My boy Asotus, my young sprightly boy
Has stol'n thy heart away. *Phryn.* He? a poore mushrome!
Your boy? I should have guess'd him for your father.
He has a skin as wrinkled as a Tortoyse.
I have mista'n him often for a hedge-hog
Crept out on 's skin. Pray keep the fool at home.
Asot. Patience, go live with cuckolds. I defie thee.
Villain, rogue, traitour, do not touch my Dear,
So to unsanctifie her tender skin,
Nor cast a goatish eye upon a hair,
To make that little threed of gold profaned,
Or gaze but on her shoe-string that springs up
A reall rose from vertue of her foot,
To blast the odours: Grim-fac'd death shall hurry thee
To Styx, Cocytus, and fell Phlegethon.
Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, I am thy father.
Asot. I no Asotus am, nor thou my sire,
But angrie and incensed Oberon.
Sim. All that I have is thine, though I could vie
For every silver hair vpon my head
A piece in gold. —*Asot.* I should send you to the barbours.
Sim. All, all is thine: let me but share
A little in thy pleasures: onely relish
The sweetnesse of 'em. *Asot.* No, I will not have
Two spenders in a house. Go you and revel,
I will go home and live a drudges life,
As you ha' done, to scrape up pelf together:
And then forswear all Tutours, Souldiers, Poets,
Women, and Wine. I will forget to eat,
And starve my self to the bigneſſe of a polecat.
I will disclaim his faith that can believe
There is a Tavern, or a Religious place

For holy Nunnes that vow incontinence,
And have their beads to tell by.—Get you home.
You kille a Gentlewoman to endanger
Your chattering teeth?—Go, you have done your share
In getting me: to furnish the next age,
Must be my province. Go, look you to yours.
Lie with your muskie bags, and get more gold.
S'lid, anger me, and I'll turn drudge for certain.

Sim. Asotus, good Asotus, pardon me.

Asot. I wonder you are not ashamed to ask pardon.

Sim. It was the dotage of my age, Asotus.

Asot. Who bid you live untill this age of dotage?

Sim. I will abjure all pleasures but in thee.

Asot. This something qualifies. *Sim.* It shall be my sport
To maintein thine. Thou shalt eat for both,
And drink for both.—*Asot.* Good: this will qualifie more.

Sim. And here I promise thee to make a joynture
Of half the land I have to this fair Lady.

Asot. This qualifies all. You have your pardon, Sir:
But heare you, Sir, it must be paid for too.
To morrow, Mab, I thee mine Empresse crown.

Ball. All friends. A merry cup go round. What? Captains
And Poets here, and leave the lack for flies?

SCEN. VIII.

Ballio, Asotus, Phryne, Simo, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Charillus, Bomolochus, Tyndarus.

Hyp. THrasymachus, a whole one. *Thras.* Done: I'll pledge thee,
Though 't were a deluge.—By my steel, you have left
Enough to drown an Island, Charillus.

Char. And 't were the famous fount of Hippocrene,
I'de quaff it off all, though the great Apollo
And all the Muses died for thirst, Bomolochus.

Bom. Come boy, as deep as is Parnassus high.

Tyn.

Tyn. What murderie of sinne is this? what temple
Of lust and riot? Was this place alone
Thought a fit witnesse for the knitting up
Chaste and religious love? Deeds dark as hell,
Incest and murder might be acted here.
The holy god of Matriage never lighted
His sacred torch at so profane a den.
It is a cage for screech-owls, bats and ravens,
For crows and kites, and such like birds of prey.
But the chaste turtle, the indulgent pelican,
And pious stork, flie hence as from infection.
Evadne meet me here? Is she a parcell
Of the damn'd family? Are there such white devils
Among their Succuba's? No, thou art wrong'd, Evadne:
And there be some that scatter snakes amongst us,
Have stung too deep already.

SCEN. IX.

Ballio, Asotus, Charilus, Simo, Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. BLesse me eyes!
My troubled fancie fools me. I am lost
In a distracted dream. It is not she.
Awake thee, Tyndarus: what strange sleeps are these?
Me thinks I am in hell, and yet behold
A glorious Angel there. Or have these devils
Broke into Paradise? for the place is such
She blesses with her presence.——Mere contradictions,
Chimæra's of a restlesse brain. *Evad.* Diana,
And whatsoever goddesse else protects
Untouch'd virginitie, shield me with your powers.
To what a wildernesse have my wandring steps
Betray'd me! Sure this cannot be a place
To meet my Tyndarus in. *Tyn.* 'T is Evadne,
'T is the fair-foul Evadne. Now my sword,

That hadst a good edge to defend this woman,
Go send her soul into another mansion
Black as it self. It is too foul a tenant
For this fair place. Stay yet, too forward steel,
Take her incircled in her stallions arms,
And kill two sinners together.——Let 'em be
At hell to bear the punishment of lust
Ere it be fully acted. *Evad.* What strange fancies
My maiden fears present me! Why, I know not:
But this suspicion seldome bodeth good.

Thras. A handsome Bona Roba, and my prize.

Hyper. I do denie't, she's my monopolie.

Cher. Perchance she may one of the Muses be,
And then claime I a share for Poetrie.

Evad. If ever silly lambe thus stray'd before
Into a flock of wolves; or harmlesse dove
Not only made the prey, but the contention
Of ravenous eagles; such poore soul am I.

Thras. Give me a busse, my girle. *Evad.* If there be here
A Gentleman in whom there lives a spark
Of vertue not yet out; I do beseech him,
By all the ashes of his ancestours,
And by the constant love he bears his mistresse,
To rescue innocence and virginitie
From these base monsters. I for him will pay
A thousand prayers a morning, all as pure
And free from earthly thought, as e're re found passage
Through the strict gate of heav'n. *Tyn.* That's a task for me.
Away, foul ravishers, I will teach my sword
Justice to punish you. Such a troup of Harpyes
To force a Ladies honour! I will quench
With your own bloud the rage of that hot lust
That spurr'd you on to base and bold attempts.

Asot. Flie, Pharyne, flie, for dangers do surround.

Sim. This is a pleasure that I care not for. *Exeunt.*

SCEN.

SCEN. X.

Tyndarus, Evadne.

Tyn. LAdy, be safe. *Evad.* Sir, may this favour done
An injur'd maid call blessings on your head
In plenteous showres! *Tyn.* This courtesie deserves
Some fair requitall. *Evad.* May plum'd victorie
Wait on your sword: and if you have a mistresse,
May she be fair as lilies, and as chaste
As the sweet morning dew that loads the heads
Of drooping flowres: may you have fair children
To propagate your vertues to posterkie,
And blesse succeeding times! —— *Tyn.* Heaven be not deaf.
Evad. May you and plenty never live asunder.
Peace make your bed, —and— *Tyn.* Prayer is cheap reward.
And nothing now bought at a rate so easie
As that same high way ware, —— Heaven blesse your worship.
In plain words Lady (I can use no language
But what is blunt) I must do what they would ha' done.
Evad. Call back your words, and lose not that reward
Heaven is ingag'd to pay you. *Tyn.* Come: no circumstance.
Your answer, quick. *Evad.* I beg it on my knees,
Have a respect to your own soul, that sinks
In this dishonour, Sir, as deep as mine.
Tyn. You are discourteous, Lady. *Evad.* Let these tears
Plead for me: did you rescue me from thieves,
To rob me of the jewel you preserv'd?
Tyn. Why do I trifle time away in begging
That may command? —— Proud Damsel, I will force thee.
Evad. I thank thee blest occasion: —— now I dare
Defie thee devil: here is that shall keep
My chastitie secure, and arm a maid
To scorn your strength. *Tyn.* Be not too masculine, Lady.
Evad. Stand off, or I will search my heart with this,
And force my bloud a passage, that in anger

She snatcheth a stiletto out of his pocket.

Shall flie into thy face, and tell thee boldly
Thou art a villain. *Tyn.* Incomparable Lady!
By all those powers that the blest men adore,
And the worst fear, I have no black design,
Upon your honour; onely as a Souldier
I did desire to prove whether my sword
Had a deserving cause: I would be loth
To quarrel for light ware. Now I have found you
Full weight, I 'll wear his life upon my point
That injures so much goodnesse. *Evad.* You speak honour.
Tyn. Blest be this minute, sanctifie it, Time,
'Bove all thy kalendar. Now I find her gold.
This touchstone gives her perfect. The discovery
Of ne'r found kingdomes, where the plough turns up
Rich oare in every furrow, is to this
A poore successe. Now all my doubts are clear'd,
And I dare boldly say, Be happy Tyndarus!

SCEN. XI.

Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus.

Pam. GReat Queen of love, sure when the labouring sea
Did bring forth thee, before she was deliver'd,
Her violent throes had rais'd a thousand storms.
Yet now, I hope, after so many wracks
That I have suffer'd in thy troubled waves,
Thou now wilt land me safe. *Tyn.* Pamphilus here?
He comes to meet Evadne. This is their house
Of toleration. She had spied me out
Through my disguise: and with what studied art,
What cunning language, how well acted gesture,
How much of that unbounded store of tears
She wrought on my credulitie! The Fox,
Hyæna, Crocodile, and all beasts of craft,
Have been distill'd to make one woman up. *Exit.*
Evad. And has he left me in this dragons den?

A spoil to rapine! what defense, poore maid,
Hast thou against these wild and savage beasts?
My starres were cruel: If you be courteous eyes,
Weep me a flood of tears, and drown me in't,
And be Physicians to my sorrows now,
That have too long been Heralds of my grief.
My threed of life has hitherto drawn out
More woes then minutes. *Pam.* Health to the fair Evadne.
Evad. Is any left so courteous to wish health
To the distress'd Evadne? Pamphilus?
Pam. Is my Techmessa here? *Evad.* Now all the gods
Preserve her hence; there is in hell more safety
Among the Furies.——Mischief built this house
For all her family. Gentle Pamphilus,
See me delivered from this jayl, this dungeon,
This horrid vault of lust.

SCEN. XII.

Pamphilus, Tyndarus, Techmessa, Evadne.

Pam. TAke comfort, Lady.
Your honour stands safe on this guard, while I
Can use a sword. *Evad.* You have confirmed me, Sir.
Tyn. How close they winde, like gluttonous snakes ingen-
Tech. Well sister, I shall studie to requite [dring!
This courteous treacherie. *Evad.* Pamphilus, in me
All starres conspire to make affliction perfect.
Pam. Wait on heavens pleasure, Madame: such a one
The heavens ne'r made for misery, they but give you
These crosses as sharp sauce to whet your appetite
For some choice banquet. Or they mean to lead you
Through a vault dark and obscure as hell
To make your Paradise a sweeter prospect.
——Thus I feed
Others with hopes, while mine own wounds do bleed.
Exeunt Evadne, Pamphilus.

SCEN. XIII.

Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Tech. WHy should we toil thus in an endlesse search
Of what we now behold?——Let us grow wise.
I loath false Pamphilus——yet I could have lov'd him:
And, if he were but faithfull, could do still.

Tyn. Sure were Evadne false, yet Pamphilus
Would not be made the instrument to wrong me.
Or suppose Pamphilus were a treacherous brother?
Methinks Evadne should be kinder to me.
Techmessa, joyn with me in one search more.

Enter Ballio and Asotus.

SCEN. XIV.

Tyndarus, Techmessa, Ballio, Asotus.

Tyn O Ballio, 't is in you and dear Asotus
To make two wretches happy. *Asot.* Then be happy.

Tyn. I 'll make you two joynt-heirs of my estate,
And you shall give it out we two are dead
By our own hands; and bear us both this night
To church in coffins. Whence we 'll make escape,
And bid farewell to Thebes. *Asot.* Would you not both
Be buried in one coffin? then the grave
Would have her tenants multiply:——hear you, Tutour,
Shall not we be suspected for the murder,
And choke with a hempen squincy? *Tyn.* To secure you,
We 'll write before what we intend to act:
Our hands shall witnesse with your innocence.

Ball. Well: come the worst, I 'll venture;——& perchance
You shall not die in jest again o'th' sudden.

Tyn. What strange Mæanders Cupid leads us through!
When most we forward go we backward move.
There is no path so intricate as love.

ACT.

ACT. IIII. SCEN. I.

Ballio, Asotus, Charilus, and Bomolochus, bearing the coffin of Techmessa; Hyperbolus, Thrasymachus, bearing the coffin of Tyndarus, a servant.

Ball. CArry these letters unto Chremylus house.
Give this to Pamphilus, to Evadne that,
And certifie 'em of this sad event,
It will draw tears from theirs—— as from my eyes,
Because they are not reall obsequies.

Asot. So great my grief, so dolorous my disaster,
I know not in what language to expresse it,
Unlesse I should be dumbe!——Sob,——sob, Asotus.
Sob till thy buttons break, and crack thy bandstrings
With lamentation and distress'd condoling,
With blubber'd eyes behold this spectacle
Of mans mortalitie.——O my dearest Tyndarus!

Thras. Learn of us Captains to out-face grimme Death,
And gaze the lean-chapt monster in the face.

Asot. I, and I could but come to see his face,
I'de scratch his eyes out.——O the ugly Rogue!
Could none but Tyndarus and fair Techmessa
Serve the vile varlet to lead apes in hell?

Hyper. I have seen thousands sigh out souls in groanes,
And yet have laugh'd:——It has been sport to see
A mangled carcasse broch'd with so many wounds,
That life has been in doubt which to get out at.

Asot. Are crawling vermine of so choice a diet?
Would I were then a worm, freely to feed
On such a delicate and Ambrosian dish,
Fit to be serv'd a banquet to my bed!
But O——Techmessa, Death has swallowed thee,——
Too sweet a sop for such a fiend as he.

Char.

Cher. Chase hence these showres, for since they both are dead,
Tears will not bribe the Fates for a new thread.

Bam. Inexorable fitters!—Be not sorry:
For Clotho's distaff will be peremptory.

Asot. Go then, and dip your pens in gall and vineger
To rail on Mors, cruel—impartiall Mors:
The savage tyrant—all-devouring Mors:
The envious, wicked, and malicious Mors:
Mors that respects not valour, Mors that cares not
For wit or learning, Mors that spares not honour:
Mors whom wealth bribes not, Mors whom beauty tempts not:
Thus loudly rail on Mors, that Mors may know it,
To be reveng'd on Mors I keep a Poet.

Thraf. If Mors were here, the Skeleton should know
I'de cut his charnell bones to dice for grieving
Our noble Generall.—Courage boon chevalier!

SCENE. II.

Simo, Asotus, Ballio, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Cherilus, Bomolochus.

Sim. WHy is my boy so sad?—Tell me, Asotus:
If dissolv'd gold will cure thee, melt a treasure.

Asot. O sad mischance! *Sim.* What grieves my hope, my joy,
My staff, my comfort? *Asot.* Woefull accident!

Sim. Have I not barricaded all my doors,
And stopt each chink and cranny in my house,
To keep out povertie and leanmisfortune?
Where crept this sorrow in? *Asot.* Here through my heart.
O father, I will tell you such a storie,
Of such a sad and lamentable nature,
'Twill crack your purse-strings. *Sim.* Ha? what storie, boy?

Asot. My friend, my dear friend Tyndarus, Sir, is dead.
—And, to augment my sorrow,—kill'd himself.
And yet, to adde more to my heap of griefs,

Lest

Left me and Ballio——his estate.——*Sim.* Alas!
Is not this counterfeit sorrow well expresst?
Ball. But I grieve truly that I grieve in jest.
Sim. Half his estate to thee, and half to Ballio?
A thousand pities.——Gently rest his bones.
I cannot but weep with thee. *Ball.* Sir, you see,
If you had left him nothing, my instructions
Can draw in patrimonies. *Sim.* He is rich
In nothing but a Tutour.——Good Asotus,
Though sorrow be a debt due to the herse
Of a dead friend, and we must wet the turf
Under whose roof he lodges: yet we must not
Be too immoderate. *Asot.* Beat me witnesse, heaven:
I us'd no force of Rhetorick, no perswasions
(What e'r the wicked and malicious world
May rashly censure) to instigate these two
To their own deaths. I knew not of the plot;
All of you know that I am ignorant. *Enter Phryn.*
Phryn. Where is my love? shall sorrow rivall me,
And hang about thy neck? If grief be got
Into thy cheeks, I'll clap it out.——Dear chicken,
You sha' not be so sad, indeed you sha' not.
Be merry; by this kisse I 'll make you merry.
Asot. Then wipe my eyes.——Thus when the clouds are gone
The day again is gilded by the sunne.

SCEN. III.

Ballio, Asotus, Simo, Phryne, Thrasymachus, Hyperbolus, Charilus, Zomolochus, Sexton.

Asot. WHo's within here? *Sext.* What's the matter without there?
Asot. Ha! What art thou? *Sext.* The last of tailours, Sir, that ne'r take measure of you, while you have hope to wear

a new ſuit.

Aſot. How doſt thou live? *Sext.* As worms do:—by the dead.

Aſot. A witty raſcall. Let's have ſome diſcourſe with him.

Thraſ. Are any ſouldiers bones in garriſon here?

Sext. Faith, Sir, but few: they, like poore travellers Take up their Inne by chance: but ſome there be.

Thraſ. Do not thoſe warlike bones in dead of night Riſe up in arms, and with tumultuous broyls Waken the dormiſe that dull peace hath lull'd Into a lethargie?—Doſt not heare 'em knock Againſt their coffins, till they crack and break The marble into ſhivers that intombs 'em; Making the temple ſhake as with an earthquake, And all the ſtatues of the gods grow pale Affrighted with the horrour? *Sext.* No ſuch matter.

Hyper. Do they not call for arms, and fright thee, mortall, Out of thy wits? Do they not break the legs, And cruſh the skulls that dare approach too near Their honour'd grayes?—When I ſhall come to dwell In your dark family, if a noyſome carkaſe Offend my noſtrills with too rank a ſent, Know—I ſhall rage—and quarrel,—till I fright The poore inhabitants of the charnell houſe: That here ſhall run a toe, a ſhin-bone there: Here creeps a hand, there trowls an arm away: One way a crooked rib ſhall haſting hie, Another you ſhall trundling find a ſkull. Like the diſtracted citizens of a town Beleaguer'd,—and in danger to be taken.

Aſot. For heavens ſake, Sexton, lay my quiet bones By ſome preciſe religious officer, One that will keep the peace.—Theſe roring captains, With bluſtring words and language full of dread, Will make me quit my tombe, and run away Wrapt in my winding ſheet;—as if grim Minos,

Stern

Stern Æacus, and horrid Rhadamanth
Enjoyn'd the corps a penance. *Sext.* Never fear it.
This was a captains skul, one that carried a ſtorm in his countenance, & a tempeſt in his tongue: The great bugbeare of the citie, that threw drawers down the ſtairs as familiarly as quart-pots; and had a penſion from the Barbour-chirurgeons for breaking of pates: A fellow that had ruin'd the noſes of more bawds and pandars then the diſeaſe belonging to the trade. ——And yet I remember when he went to buriall, another corſe took the wall of him, & the bandog ne'r grumbled.

Aſot. Then skull (although thou be a Captains skull)
I ſay thou art a coward,——and no Gentleman;
Thy mother was a whore,——and thou lieſt in thy throat.

Hyper. Do not, live hare, pull the dead lions beard.

Aſot. No, good Hyperbolus; I but make a jeſt
To ſhow my reading in moralitie.

Cher. Do not the aſhes of deceaſed Poets
Inſpir'd with ſacred furie carroll forth
Enthuſiaſtick raptures? Doſt not heare 'em
Sing myſteries, and talk of things conceal'd
The reſt of mortall judgements? Doſt not ſee
Apollo and the Muſes every night
Dance rings about their tombes? *Bom.* Do not roſes,
Lillies, and violets grow upon their graves?
Shoots not the laurell, that impal'd their brows,
Into a tree, to ſhadow their bleſt marble?
Do not they riſe out of their ſhrowds to reade
Their Epitaphs? and if they like 'em not
Expunge 'em, and write new ones? Do they not
Rore in caliginous terms, and vapour forth
From reeking entralls fogs Egyptian,
To puzzle even an oculate intellect?
Prate they not cataracts of inſenſible noiſe,
That with obſtreperous cadence cracks the organs
Acromatick, till the deaf auditour

Admires

Admires the words he heares not.

Sext. This was a Poeticall noddle. O the sweet lines, choice language, eloquent figures, besides the jests, half jests, quarter jests, and quibbles that have come out o' these chaps that yawn so! He has not now so much as a new-coyn'd-complement to procure him a supper. The best friend he has may walk by him now, & yet have ne'r a jeer put upon him. His mistresse had a little dog deceased the other day, and all the wit in this noddle could not pump out an Elegie to bewail it. He has been my tenant this seven years, and in all that while I never heard him rail against the times, or complain of the neglect of learning. Melpomene and the rest of the Muses have a good time on't that he is dead: for while he lived, he ne'r left calling upon 'em. He was buried (as most of the tribe) at the charge of the parish; and is happier dead then alive: for he has now as much money as the best in the companie,——and yet has left off the Poeticall way of begging, call'd Borrowing.

Asot. I scorn thy Lyrick and Heroick strain,
Thy tart Iambick and Satyrick vein.
Where be the querks and tricks? show me again
The strange conundrums of thy frisking brain,
Thou Poets skull, and say, What 's rythme to chimney?

Sext. Alas! Sir, you ha' pos'd him: he cannot speak to give you an answer, though his mouth be alwayes open. A man may safely converse with him now, and never fear stifling in a crowd of verses. And now a Play of his may be freely censur'd, without a libell upon the audience. The boyes may be bold to cry it down.

Ball. I cannot yet contrive it handsomely.
Me thinks the darkness of the night should prompt me
To a plot of that complexion.——Ruminate,
Ruminate, Ballio. *Phryn.* Pray, Sir, how does death
Deal with the Ladies? Is he so unmannerly
As not to make distinction of degrees?
I hope the rougher bones of men have had

More

More education then to trouble theirs
That are of gentler stuff.

Sext. Death is a blunt villain, Madame: he makes no distinction betwixt Joue and my Lady. This was the prime Madame in Thebes, the general mistresse, the onely adored beauty. Little would you think there were a couple of stars in these two auger-holes: or that this pit had been arch'd over with a handsome nose, that had been at the charges to maintein half a dozen of severall silver arches to uphold the bridge. It had been a mighty favour once to have kiss'd these lips that grin so. This mouth out of all the Madames boxes cannot now be furnished with a set of teeth. She was the coyest, overcurious dame in all the citie: her chambermaids misplacing of a hair, was as much as her place came to.——Oh! if that Lady now could but behold this physnomie of hers in a looking glasse, what a monster would she imagine her self! Will all her perrukes, tyres and dresses, with her chargeable teeth, with her ceruse and pomatum, and the benefit of her painter and Doctour, make this Idole up again?

Paint, Ladies, while you live, and plaister fair:
But when the house is fall'n, 'tis past repair.

Phryn. No matter, my Asotus: Let death do
His pleasure then, we 'll do our pleasures now.
Each minute that is lost is past recall.
This is the time allotted for our sports,
'T were sinne to passe it. While our lips are soft,
And our embraces warm, we 'll twine and kisse.
When we shall be such things as these, let worms
Crawl through our eyes, and eat our noses off,
It is no matter. While we liv'd, we liv'd.

Asot. And when we die, we die. We will be both embalm'd
In precious unguents to delight our sense,
And in our grave we 'll bustle, and hug, and dally
As we do here: for death can nothing be

To him that after death shall lie with thee.
Sexton, receive these coffins to the temple;
But not interre them;——for they both are guilty
Of their own bloud,——till we make expiation
T'assoyl the fact.——Tutour, reward the Sexton.
I 'll come sometimes and talk moralitie with him.

Ball. This, Sir, my Pupill gives you:——but hereafter
I 'll more then treble it, if you be no enemie
To your own profit. *Sext.* Profit 's my religion.

Asot. Now you that bore my dead friends to the grave,
Usher my living mistresse home again.
Thus joy with grief alternate courses shares:
Fortune, I see thy wheel in all affairs.

Exeunt omnes præter Sexton.

SCEN. IV.

Sexton, and his wife Staphyla.

Sext. STaphyla, why Staphyla: I hope she has ta'ne her last sleep. Why when Staphyla?

Staph. What a life have I? I, that can never be quiet? I can no sooner lie down to take my rest, but presently, Staphyla, Staphyla. What 's the news?

Sext. A prize, my rogue, a prize.

Staph. Where? or from whom?

Sext. Why, thou knowest I rob no where but on the highway to heaven, such as are upon their last journey thither. Thou and I have been land-pirates this six and thirty years, and have pillaged our share of Charons passengers. Here are a couple of sound sleepers, and perchance their clothes will fit us. Then will I walk like a Lord, and thou shalt be my Madam, Staphyla.

Staph. Truly, husband, I have had such fearfull dreams to night, that I am perswaded (though I think I shall never turn truly honest again) to rob the dead no more. For, me thought, as you and I were robbing the dead, the dead took heart, and rob'd us.

Sext.

Sext. Tuſh, dreams are idle things. There is no felonie warrantable but ours, for it is grounded on rules of charitie. Is it fitting the dead ſhould be cloth'd, and the living go naked? Beſides, what is it to them whether they lie in ſheets or no? Did you ever heare of any that caught cold in his coffin? Moreover, there is ſafety and ſecuritie in theſe attempts: What inhabitant of the grave that had his houſe broke open, accus'd the thief of Burglarie? Look here: This is a Lawyers ſkull. There was a tongue in 't once, a damnable eloquent tongue, that would almoſt have perſwaded any man to the gallows. This was a turbulent buſie fellow, till death gave him his *Quietus eſt.* And yet I ventured to rob him of his gown and the reſt of his habiliments, to the very buckrum-bag, not leaving him ſo much as a poore halfpenny to pay for his waftage: and yet the good man ne're repin'd at it. Had he been alive, and were to have pleaded againſt me, how would he have thundred it! —Behold, moſt grave judges, a fact of that horrour and height in ſinne, ſo abominable, ſo deteſtable in the eyes of heaven and earth, that never any but this dayes cauſe preſented to the admiration of your ears. I cannot ſpeak it without trembling, 't is ſo new, unus'd, ſo unheard-of a villanie. But that I know your Lordſhips confident of the honeſtie of your poore Oratour, I ſhould not hope by all my reaſons, grounds, teſtimonies, arguments, and perſwaſions to gain your belief. This man, ſaid I a man? this monſter rather: but monſter is too eaſie a name: this devil, this incarnate devil, having loſt all honeſty, and abjur'd the profeſſion of virtue, robb'd: (a ſinne in the action) But who? The dead. What need I aggravate the fault? the naming the action is ſufficient to condemne him. I ſay, he robb'd the dead. The dead! Had he robb'd the living, it had been more pardonable: but to rob the dead of their clothes, the poore impotent dead, that can neither card, nor ſpin, nor make new ones, O 't is moſt audacious and intolerable! —Now you have well ſpoke, why do you not after all this Rhetorick put your

hand behind you to receive some more instructions backward? Now a man may clap you o' th' cockscombe with his spade, and never stand in feare of an action of batterie.

Staph. For this one time, husband, I am induced; but insooth I will not make a common practice of it: Knock you up that coffin, and I'll knock up this.——Rich and glorious!

Sext. Bright as the sun! Come, we must strip you Gallants; the worms care not for having the dishes serv'd up to their table cover'd.

Staph. O, O, O! Heaven shield me! O, O, O!

Tyndarus and Tech. rise from the coffins, and the Sexton and his wife almighted fall into a swoon.

SCEN. V.

Tyndarus and Techmessa.

Tyn. HOw poore a thing is man, whom death it self
Cannot protect from injuries! O ye gods!
Is 't not enough our wretched lives are toss'd
On dangerous seas, but we must stand in fear
Of Pirates in the haven too? Heaven made us
So many buts of clay, at which the gods
In cruel sport shoot miseries.——Yet, I hope,
Their spleene 's grown milder, and this blest occasion
Offers it selfe an earnest of their mercy.
Their sinnes have furnisht us with fit disguises
To quiet our perplexed souls. Techmessa,
Let me array you in this womans robes.
I 'll wear the Sextons garments in exchange.
Our sheets and coffins shall be theirs.

Tech. Dear Tyndarus!
In all my life I never found such peace
As in this coffin: It presented me
The sweets that death affords.——Man has no libertie
But in this prison.——Being once lodg'd here,
He 's fortified in an impregnable fort,
Through which no doubts, suspicions, jealousies,

No

No sorrows, cares, or wild distractions
Can force an entrance to disturb our sleeps.
Tyn. Yet to those prisons will we now commit
These two offenders. *Tech.* But what benefit
Shall we injoy by this disguise? *Tyn.* A great one:
If my Evadne or thy Pamphilus
E're lov'd us living, they will haste to make
Atonement for our soules stain'd with the guilt
Of our owne bloud: if not, they will rejoyce
Our deaths have opened them so clear a passage
To their close loves: and with those thoughts possess'd,
They will forget the tormens hell provides
For those that leave the warfare of this life
Without a pasle from the great Generall.
Tech. I hope they may prove constant. *Tyn.* So pray I.
I will desire yon statue be so courteous
To part with 's beard a while.——So, we are now
Beyond discovery. *Sext.* O, O, O! *Steph.* O, O, O!
Tyn. Let 's use a charm for these.

Quiet sleep, or I will make
Erinnys whip thee with a snake,
And cruel Rhadamant bid take
Thy body to the boyling lake,
Where fire and brimstone never slake:
Thy heart shall burn, thy head shall ake,
And every joynt about thee quake.
And therefore dare not yet to wake.

Tech. *Quiet sleep, or thou shalt see*
The horrid hags of Tartarie,
Whose tresses ugly serpents be,
And Cerberus shall bark at thee,
And all the Furies that are three,
The worst is call'd Tisiphone,
Shall lash thee to eternitie.
And therefore sleep thou peacefully.

Tyn. But who comes hither? Ballio; what 's his busineſſe?

SCEN. VI.

Ballio, Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Ball. SExton, I'll open firſt thine ears with theſe,
To make 'em fit to let perſwaſions in.
Tyn. Theſe, Sir, well cure my deafneſſe. *Ball.* Art thou mine?
Tyn. Sir, you have bought me. *Ball.* I'll pay double for thee.
Shall I prevail in my requeſt? *Tyn.* Ask theſe——
Ball. Th' art apprehenſive: to the purpoſe then:
Have you not in the temple ſome deep vault
Ordain'd for buriall? *Tyn.* Yes. *Ball.* Then I proceed:
We to night perform'd the laſt of ſervice
That pietie can pay to our dead friends.
Tyn. 'T was charitably done. *Ball.* We brought 'em hither
To their laſt home.——Now, Sir, they both being guilty
Of their own deaths, I fear the laws of Thebes
Denie 'em buriall. It would grive me, Sir,
(For friendſhip cannot be ſo ſoon forgot;
Eſpecially ſo firm a one as ours.)
To have 'em caſt a prey to Wolves and Eagles.
Sir, theſe religious thoughts have brought me hither
Now at the dead of night, to intreat you
To caſt their coffins into ſome deep vault
And to interre 'em.——O my Tyndarus,
All memorie ſhall fail me, ere my thoughts
Can leave th' impreſſion of that love I bear thee.
Thou left'ſt me half of all the land thou hadſt;
And ſhould I not provide thee ſo much earth
As I can meaſure by thy length, heaven curſe me!
Tyn. Sir, if your courteſie had not bound me yours,

This

This act of goodneſſe had. *Ball.* So true a friend
No age records.——Farewel.——This work ſucceeds.
Poſteritie, that ſhall this ſtorie get,
May learn from hence an art to counterfeit. *Exit Ball.*

SCEN. VII.

Tyndarus, Techmeſſa.

Tyn. HEre was a ſtrange deliverance! Who can be
So confident of fortune, as to ſay,
I now am ſafe? *Tech.* This villain has reveal'd
All our deſignes to pamphilus and Evadne:
And they with bribes and hopes of an inheritance,
If you were dead indeed, have won this raſcall
To this black treaſon.——What foul crimes can Luſt
Prompt her baſe vaſſals to!——Here let us end
Our buſie ſearch, and travel o're the world,
To ſee if any cold and Northern climate
Have entertein'd loſt Virtue long ſince fled
Our warmer countrey. *Tyn.* Ha!——'T is ſo!——'T is ſo!
I ſee it with clear eyes.——O curſed plot!
And are you brooding, crocodiles? I may chance
To break the ſerpents egge ere you have hatch'd
The viper to perfection. Come, Techmeſſa,
My anger will no longer be confin'd
To patient ſilence. Tedious expectation
Is but a fooliſh fire by night, that leads
The traveller out of 's way.——Break forth, my wrath,
Break like deluge of conſuming fire,
And ſcorch 'em both to aſhes in a flame
Hot as their luſt.——No:——'T is too baſe a bloud
For me to ſpill,——Let 'm e're live t'ingender
A brood of monſters:——May perpetuall jealouſie
Wait on their beds, and poyſon their imbraces
With juſt ſuſpicions: may their children be
Deform'd, and fright the mother at the birth:

May they live long and wretched; all mens hate,
And yet have miserie enough for pitie:
May they be long a dying——of diseases
Painfull and lothsome:——Passion, do not hurrie me
To this unmanly womanish revenge.
Wilt thou curse, Tyndarus, when thou wear'st a sword?
But ha, heark, observe!——

SCEN. VIII.

Pamphilus, Evadne, Tyndarus, Techmessa.

Pam. WAit till we call.
Heaven, if thou hast not emptied all thy treasury
Of wrath upon me, here I challenge thee,
To lay on more. What torments hast thou left,
In which thou hast not exercis'd my patience?
Yet cast up all th' accounts of all my sorrows,
And the whole summe is trebbled in the losse
Of dear Techmessa. *Tech.* If this grief were reall!
Tyn. Be not too credulous. *Pam.* I have stood the rest
Of your afflictions: with this one I fell,
Fell like a rock that had repell'd the rage
Of thousand violent billows, and withstood
Their fierce assaults, untill the working Tide
Had undermin'd him: then he falls, and draws
Part of the mountain with him. *Evad.* Phamphilus,
When did you see my sweet-heart? prithee tell me,
Is he not gone a maying?——he will bring me
Some pinks and daysies home to morrow morning.
Pray heaven he meet no thieves! *Pam.* Alas, Evadne!
Thy Tyndarus is dead. *Evad.* What shall I do?
I cannot live without him. *Tyn.* I am mov'd:
Yet I will make this triall full and perfect.
What at this dismall houre, when nothing walks
But souls tormented, calls you from your sheets
To visit our dark cells, inhabited

By

By death and melancholy? *Evad.* I am come
To seek my true-love here. Did you not see him?
He 's come to dwell with you, pray use him well,
He was a proper Gentleman.
Tech. Sir, what cause
Enforc'd you hither? *Pam.* I am come to pay
The tribute of my eyes to a dead Love.
Tyn. Fair Lady, may I ask one question of you?
Did you admit no love into your bosome
But onely his? *Evad.* Alas! you make me weep.
Could any woman love a man but him?
No, Tyndarus, I will not long out-live thee:
We will be married in Elysium,
And arm in arm walk through the blessed groves,
And change a thousand kisses;—you sha'nt see us.
Tyn. I know not whether it be joy or greif
Forces tears from me. *Tech.* Were you constant, Sir,
To her whose death you now so much lament?
For by those prodigies apparitions
That have to night shak'd the foundations
Of the whole temple, your inconstancie
Hath caus'd your Mistresses untimely end.
Pam. The Sunne shall change his course, and find new paths
To drive his chariot in: The Loadstone leave
His faith unto the North:——The Vine withdraw
Those strict embraces that infold the Elm
In her kind arms:——But, if I change my love
From my Techmessa, may I be recorded
To all posterity Loves great Apostate
In Cupids annals. *Evad.* If you see my Tyndarus,
Pray tell him I will make all haste to meet him.
I will but weep a while first. *Tyn.* Prettie sorrow!
Tech. Sir, you may veil your falshood in smooth language
And gild it o're with fair hypocrisie:
But here has been such grones, Ghosts that have cried

In hollow voices, Pamphilus, O false Pamphilus!
Revenge on Pamphilus! Such complaints as these
The gods ne're make in vain.

Pam. Then there is witchcraft in't. And are the gods
Made parties too against me? —Pardon then
If I grow stubborn.—While they prest my shoulders
No more then I could bear, they willingly
Submitted to the burden.—Now they wish
To cast it off—What treachery has brib'd you,
Celestiall Formes, to be my false accusers?
I challenge you (for you can view my thoughts,
And reade the secret characters of my heart)
Give in your verdict: did you ever find
Another image graven in my soul
Besides Techmessa? No! 'T is hell has forg'd
These slie impostures! all these plots are coyn'd
Out of the devils mintage. *Tech.* Certainly
There 's no false fire in this. *Tyn.* There cannot be.

Evad. Pray, Sir, direct me where I may embalm
My Tyndarus with my tears. *Tyn.* There gentle Lady.

Evad. Is this a casket fit to entertein
A jewel of such value? *Pam.* Where must I
Pay my devotions? *Tech.* There your dead Saint lies.

Evad. Hail, Tyndarus; may earth but lightly presse thee;
And mayst thou find those joyes th' art gone to taste,
As true as my affection. Now I know
Thou canst not choose but love me, and with longing
Expect my quick arrivall: for the soul
Freed from the cloud of flesh clearly discerns
Forms in their perfect nature. If there be
Aguilt upon thy bloud, thus I'll redeem it. (offers to kill her self.
And lay it all on mine. *Tyn.* What mean you, Lady?

Evad. Stay not my pious hand. *Tyn.* Your impious rather.
If you were dead, who then were left to make
Lustration for his crime? shall foolish zeal

Perswade

Perſwade you to a haſty death, and ſo
Leave Tyndarus to eternitie of flames?
Evad. Pardon me, Tyndarus; I will onely ſee
That office done, and then I 'll follow thee.
Pam. Thou gentle ſoule of my deceaſed love,
If thou ſtill hover'ſt hereabouts, accept
The vows of Pamphilus.——If I ever think
Of woman with affection, but Techmeſſa,
Or keep the leaſt ſpark of a love alive
But in her aſhes, let me never ſee
Thoſe bleſſed fields where gentle lovers walk
In endleſſe joyes.——Why do I idly weep!
I 'll write my grief in bloud. *Tech.* What do you mean?
Pam. Techmeſſa, I am yet withheld; but ſuddenly
I 'll make eſcape to find thee. *Tech.* O bleſt minute!

SCEN. IX.

Dipſus, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmeſſa.

Dip. WHere ſhall I flie to hide me from my guilt?
It follows me, like thoſe that run away
From their owne ſhadows: that which I would ſhun
I bear about me.——Whom ſhall I appeaſe?
The living, or the dead? for I have injur'd
Both you and them.——O Tyndarus, here I kneel,
And do confeſſe my ſelfe thy cruel murdreſſe;
And thine, Techmeſſa.——Gentle daughter, pardon me,
But how ſhall I make ſatisfaction,
That have but one poore life, and have loſt two?
Oh Phamphilus! my malice ruin'd thee,
But moſt Evadne: for at her I aim'd,
Becauſe ſhe is no iſſue of my wombe,
But truſted by her father to my care.
Her have I followed with a ſtepdames hate,
As envious that her beauty ſhould eclipſe
My daughters honour.——But the gods in juſtice

Have

Have ta'n her hence to punish me.——My sinnes
March up in troups against me.——But this potion
Shall purge out life and them. *Tyn.* Be not too rash:
I will revive Techmessa. *Dipf.* O sweet daughter!
Pam. Thou hast reviv'd two lives at once. *Evad.* But I
Still live a widowed virgin. *Tyn.* No, Evadne;
Receive me new created, of a clay
Purg'd from all dregs; my thoughts do all run clear.
Take hence these coffins, I will have them born
Tropheys before me when we come to tie
The nuptiall knot: for death has brought us life.
Suspicion made us confident, and weak jealousie
Hath added strength to our resolved love.
Cupid hath run his maze, this was his day:
But the next part Hymen intends to play.

ACT. V. SCEN. I.

Demetrius solus.

HAil, sacred Thebes, I kisse thy blessed soil,
And on my knees salute thy seven gates.
Some twenty winters now have glaz'd thy flouds
Since I beheld thy turrets batter'd then
With Warre, that sought the ruine of those walls
Which Musick built. When Minos cruel tribute
Robb'd mothers of their dearest babes, to glut
His ravenous Minotaure; I for safety fled
With my young sonnes, but call'd my Countries hate
Upon my head, whom miserie made malicious.
Each father had a curse in store for me,
Because I shar'd not in the common losse;
Yet would have willingly chang'd fortunes with me.
I dare not meet the vulgars violent rage

Eager againſt me. I will therefore ſtudie
Some means to live conceal'd.

SCEN. II.

Demetrius, Aſotus.

Aſot. I Have heard my mother,
Who had more proverbs in her mouth then teeth,
(Peace with her ſoule where e're it be) affirm,
Marry too ſoon, and you 'll repent too late.
A ſentence worth my meditation:
For marriage is a ſerious thing: perchance
Fair Phryne is no maid; for women may
Be beauteous yet no virgins. Fair and chaſte
Are not of neceſſarie conſequence.
Or being both fair and chaſte ſhe may be barren;
And then when I am old, I ſhall not have
A boy——to dote on as my father does.

Dem. Kind fortune fan you with a courteous wing.

Aſot. A pretty complement: What art thou, fellow?

Dem. A Regiſter of heaven, a privie Counſellour
To all the planets, one that has been tenant
To the twelve houſes, Tutour to the Fates,
That taught 'em th' art of ſpinning; a live Almanack,
One that by ſpeculation in the ſtarres
Can foretell any thing. *Aſot.* How! foretell any thing?
How many years are paſt ſince Thebes was built?

Dem. That is not to foretell; you ſtate the queſtion
Of times already paſt. *Aſot.* And cannot you
As well foretell things paſt as things to come?
Say, Regiſter of heaven, and privy Counſellour
To all the planets, with the reſt of your titles,
(For I ſhall ne're be able to repeat 'em all)
Shall I, as I intend, to day be married?

Dem. Th' Almutes, or the Lord of the Aſcendent,
I find with Luna corporally join'd

To

To the Almutes of the seventh house,
Which is the matrimoniall family:
And therefore I conclude the nuptials hold.
And yet th' Aspect is not in Trine or Sextile,
But in the Quartile radiation
Or Tetragon, which shews an inclination
Averse, and yet admitting of reception.
It will, although encountred with impediment,
At last succeed. *Asot.* Ha! what bold impediment
Is so audacious to encounter me?
Be he Almutes of what house he please;
Let his Aspect be Sextile, Trine, or Quartile;
I doe not fear him with his radiations,
His Tetragons, and inclinations:
If he provoke my spleene, I'll have him know
I souldiers feed shall mince him, and my Poets
Shall with a satyre steep'd in gall and vineger,
Rhythme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.
Dem. Good words.
There 's no resistance to the laws of Fate.
This sublunary world must yield obedience
To the celestiall virtues. *Asot.* One thing more
I would desire to know: Whether my spouse
That shall be be immaculate. I 'd be loth
To marry an Advowsion that has had
Other incumbents. *Dem.* I 'll resolve you instantly.
The Dragons-tail stands where the head should be,
A shrewd suspicion,——she has been strongly tempted.
Asot. The Dragons-tail puts me in a horrible fear.
I feel a kind of sting in my head already.
Dem. And Mars being Landlord of th' eleventh house,
Plac'd in the Ram and Scorpion, plainly signifies
The maid has been in love, but the Aspect
Being without reception layes no guilt
Of act upon her.
Asot. I shall be jealous presently:

For

For the Ram is but an ill ſign in the head:
And you know what Scorpio aims at in the Almanack.
Dem. But when I ſee th' Aſcendent and his Lord,
With the good Moon in angles and fixt ſignes,
I do conclude her virgin pure and ſpotleſſe.
Aſot. I thank th' Aſcendent, and his noble Lord,
He ſhall be welcom to my houſe at any time,
And ſo ſhall miſtreſſe Moon with all her angles
And her fixt ſignes. But how come you to know
All this for certain? *Dem.* Sir, the learned Cabaliſts,
And all the Chaldees do conclude it lawfull:
As *Aſia*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gaſar, with *Hali*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,
With *Ben*, *Beneſaphan*, and *Albubeter*.
Aſot. Are *Aſia*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
With all the reſt o' th' jury, men of credit?
Dem. Their words ſhall go as farre i' th' Zodiack, Sir,
As anothers bond. *Aſot.* I am beholding to 'em.
Another ſcruple yet:——I would have children too,
Children to dote on, Sir, when I grow old;
Such as will ſpend when I am dead and gone,
And make me have ſuch fine dreams in my grave.
Dem. Sir, y' are a happy man. I do not ſee
In all your horoſcope one ſign maſculine;
For ſuch portend ſterilitie. *Aſot* How 's that, man?
Is 't poſſible for any man to ha' children
Without a ſign maſculine? *Dem.* Sir, you miſtake me:
You are not yet initiate. The Almutes
Of the Aſcendent is not elevated
Above the Almutes of the filial houſe:
Venus is free, and Jove not yet combuſt:
And then the ſignifier being lodg'd
In watry ſignes, the Scorpion, Crab, and Fiſh,
Foreſhew a numerous iſſue of both ſexes.
And Mercury in 's exaltations

Plac'd

Plac'd in their angles, and their points ſucceſſive,
Beholds the Lord of the Triplicitie
Unhindred in their influence. You were borne
Under a getting conſtellation,
A fructifying ſtarre.——Sir, I pronounce you
A joyfull father. *Aſot.* Happy be the houre
I met with thee! I'll ha' thee live with me.
Thou ſhalt be my domeſticall Aſtronomer.
I have a brace of Poets as fit as may be,
To furniſh thee with verſes for each moneth.
Sir, ſince the gracious ſtarres do promiſe me
So numerons a troup of ſonnes and daughters,
'T is fit I ſhould have my meanes in my owne hands
To provide for 'em all: therefore I fain would know
Whether my father be——long-liv'd or no.

Dem. The planet Mars is Orientall now
To Saturne; but in reference to the Sun
He bears a Weſterly poſition.
Which Ylem linking Saturn with the Sun
In oppoſition, both ſiniſterly——:
Fall'n from their corners, plainly ſignifies
He cannot long ſurvive. *Aſot.* Why who can help it?
There 's no reſiſtance to the Laws of Fate:
This ſublunary world muſt yeild obedience
To the celeſtiall vertues——Were't not providence
To beſpeak mourning clokes againſt the funerall?

Dem. 'T is good to be in readineſſe. *Aſot.* If thou be
So cunning a prophet, tell me; Do I mean
To entertein thee for my wizard?

Dem. Sir,
I do not ſee the leaſt Azymenes,
Or planetary hindrance. Aleocoden
Tells me you will. *Aſot.* Tell Aleocoden then
He is i' th' right. Thraſymachus, Hyperbolus! (Enter Thraſym. Hyperb.
We have increas'd our family: ſee him enroll'd,
He is a man of merit, and can propheſie.

Thraſ.

Thraf. We 'll drench him in the weleom of the cellar,
And trie if he can propheſie who falls firſt.
Aſot. How will the world admire me, when they ſee
My houſe an Academie, all the arts
Wait at my table, every man of qualitie
Take ſanctuary here! I will be patrone
To twenty liberall ſciences.

SCEN. III.

Aſotus, Ballio.

Ball. A Fair ſunne
Shine on the happy bridegroom. *Aſot.* Quondam Tutour,
(For I am paſt all tuition but my wifes)
Thanks for your withes; have you ſtudied yet
How with one charge (for ceremonious charge
I care not for) I may expreſſe my grief
At the ſad funerals of my friends deceas'd,
And yet proclaim with how much joy I wed
The beauteous Phryne? *Ball.* I have beat my brain
To find out a right garb: wear theſe two clokes.
This ſable garment, ſorrows Liverie,
Speaks funerall: this richer robe of joy,
Sayes 't is a nuptiall ſolemnitie.
Aſot. A choice device:--I 'll practice. *Ball.* Rarely well.

SCEN. IIII.

Aſotus, Ballio, Simo.

Sim. GOod morrow, boy: how flowes thy blood, Aſotus,
Upon thy wedding-day? is it ſpring-tide?
Find'ſt thou an active courage in thy bones?
Wilt thou at night create me Grandſire? ha?
O, I remember with what ſprightly courage
I bedded thy old mother, and that night

Bid fair for thee, boy: how I curst the ceremonies,
And thought the youngsters scrambled for my points
Too slowly! 'T was a happy night, Asotus.
Asot. How sad a day is this! methinks the sunne
Affrighted with our sorrows should run back
Into his Eastern palace, and for ever
Sleep in the lap of Thetis. Can he shew
A glorious beam when Tyndarus is dead,
And fair Techmessa? I will weep a flood
Deep as Deucalions; and again the Chaos
Shall muffle up the lamentable world
In sable clokes of griefe and black confusion!
Sim. What ails my boy? unseasonable grief
Shall not disturb thy nuptialls.—Good Asotus,
Be not so passionate. *Ball.* What incomparable mirth
Would such a dotard and his humorous sonne
Make in a Comedie, if a learned pen
Had the expression! *Asot.* Now the t'other cloke.
In what a verdant weed the spring arayes
Fresh Tellus in! how Flora decks the fields
With all her tapestrie! and the Choristers
Of every grove chant Carolls! Mirth is come
To visit mortalls. Every thing is blithe,
Jocund, and joviall. All the gods arrive:
To grace our nuptialls. Let us sing and dance,
That heaven may see our revels, and send down
The planets in a Masque, the more to grace
This dayes solemnitie. *Sim.* I, this, Asotus;
There 's musick, boy, in this. *Asot.* Now this cloke again.
You gods, you overload mortalitie,
And presse our shoulders with too great a weight
Of dismall miseries. All content is fled
With Tyndarus and Techmessa. Ravens croak
About my house, ill-boding schrich-owls sing
Epithalamiums to my spouse and me.
Can I dream pleasures, or expect to taste

The

The comforts of the married bed, when Tyndarus,
And faire Tachineſſa from the world are gone?
No, pardon me, you gentle ghoſts; I vow
To cloiſter up my griefe in ſome dark cell:
And there, till griefe ſhall cloſe my blubber'd eyes,
Weep forth repentance. *Sim.* Sure he is diſtracted!
Aſotus, do not grive ſo: all thy ſorrows
Are doubled in thy father: Pitie me,
If not thy ſelf; O pitie theſe gray haires,
Pitie my age, Aſotus. *Aſot.* What a ſilly fellow
My father is that knows not which cloke ſpeakes!
Father, you do forget this is our nuptiall.
Caſt off thoſe tropheys of your wealthy beggery,
And clad your ſelf in rich and ſplendent weeds,
Such as become my father: Do not blemiſh
Our dignity with rags. Appear to day
As glorious as the ſunne. Set forth your ſelf
In your bright luſtre. *Sim.* So I will, my boy:
Was there ever father ſo fortunate in a child? *Exit Sim.*
Aſot. Do not I vary with decorum, Ballio?
Ball. I do not think but Proteus, Sir, begot you
On a Chameleon. *Aſot.* Nay, I know my Mother
Was a Chamaleon: for my father allowed her
Nothing but aire to feed on.

SCEN. V.

Ballio, Aſotus, Phryne.

Phryn. RIſes Aurora with a happy light
On my Aſotus? *Aſot.* Beauteous Phryne, welcome:
Although the Dragons tail may ſcandal thee,
And Mars corrupt the Scorpion and the Ramme;
Yet the good Moon in angles and fixt ſignes
Gives thee a good report. *Phryn.* What means my dear?
Aſot. Thy dear, my beauteous Phryne, means the ſame
With *Hali*, *Baruch*, and *Abohali*,
Caucaph, *Toz*, *Arcaphan*, and *Albuas*,
Gaſar, with *Aſſa*, *Hippocras*, and *Lencuo*,

With *Ben*, *Beneſaphan*, and *Albubetes*.

Phryn. I feare you ha' ſtudied the black art of late.

Aſot. Ah Girl! Th'——Almutes of the filial houſe
Is not depreſs'd, Venus is free, and Jove
Not yet combuſt: the ſignes are watry ſignes,
And Mercury beholds the trine aſpect
Unhinder'd in his influence. *Phryn.* What of all this?

Aſot. We ſhall have babies plenty: I am grown
Learned of late. Go Phryne, be in readineſſe;
I long to tie the knot: at night we 'll make
A young Aſotus. *Phryn.* Health attend you, Sir. *Exit Phryn.*

SCEN. VI.

Dipſas, Tyndarus, Evadne, Pamphilus, Techmeſſa, Aſotus, Ballio, Phroneſium, Prieſts and ſacrifice, and Hymens ſtatue diſcovered.

Aſot. TYndarus living? here, take this cloke away, Ballio: We have no uſe on 't. *Ball.* The more ſorrow 's mine.

Tyn. How does my friend Aſotus? *Aſot.* You are welcome
From the dead, Sir: I hope our friends in Elyſium
Are in good health. *Tyn.* Ballio, I thank you heartily,
You had an honeſt and religious care
To ſee us both well buried. *Ball.* I ſhall be hang'd. *Exit.*

The ſong and ſacrifice.

Prieſt. Hymen, thou God of union, with ſmooth brow
Accept our pious Orgies. Thou that tieſt
Hearts in a knot, & link'ſt in ſacred chains (*He preſents*
The mutuall ſouls of Lovers, may it pleaſe *Tyndarus &*
Thy Deitie to admit into the number *Evadne.*
Of my chaſte votaries this bleſſed pair.
Mercy, you gods! the ſtatue turns away.

Tyn. Why ſhould this be? The reaſon is apparent:
Evadne has been falſe, and the chaſte deitie
Abhorres the ſacrifice of a ſpotted ſoul.
Go thou diſſembler, maſk thy ſelf in modeſtie,

Wear

Wear virtue for a veil, and paint false blushes
On thy adulterate cheek. Though thou mayst cozen
The eyes of man, and cheat the purblind world,
Heaven has a piercing sight. Hymen, I thank thee,
Thou stoppedst my foot stepping into the gulf.
How neare was I damnation! *Evad.* Gentle Hymen,
What sinne have I willingly committed
To call heavens anger on me? *Priest.* If there be
A secret guilt in these, that hath offended
Thy mighty godhead, wilt thou please to prove *He presents*
This other knot? The Statue turns again! *Pam. & Tech.*
What prodigies are these! *Pam.* Celestiall powers,
You tyrannize o're man: and yet 't is sinne
To ask you why you wrong us. *Tech.* Cunning Phamphilus,
Though, like a snake, you couch your self in flowers,
The gods can find your lurking, and betray
The spotted skin. *Priest.* Above this twenty yeares
Have I attended on thy sacred Temple,
Yet never saw thee so incens'd, dread Hymen.
Tyn. To search the reason, will you please to profer
These to his godhead? *Priest.* Will thy godhead deigne
These two the blessings of the geniall sheet? *He presents*
He beckens 'm. *Tyn.* I, there the faith is plighted. *Pam. &*
False Phamphilus, the honour of the temple, *Evad.*
And the respect I beare religion,
Cannot protect thee. I will stain the altars,
And sprinkle every statue in the shrine (thunder.
With treacherus bloud. *Priest.* Provoke not Joves just
Tyn. Well, you may take Evadne; heaven give you joy.
Pam. Religion is mere juggling. This is nothing
But the Priests knavery: a kind of holy trick
To gain their superstition credit. Hymen,
Why dost thou turn away thy head? I fear
Thy bashfull deitie is asham'd to look
A woman in the face. If so, I pardon thee:
If out of spight thou crosse me, know, weak godhead,
I'll teach mankind a custome that shall bring

Thy altars to neglect. Lovers shall couple
As other creatures, freely, and ne're stand
Upon the tedious ceremonie Marriage:
And then thou Priest mayst starve. Who in your temple
Will light a cere-candle, or for incense burn
A grain of frankincense? *Chrem.* Heaven instruct our souls
To find the secret mysterie! *Asot.* I have entertein'd
One that by Ylem and Aldeboran,
With the almutes, can tell any thing.
I'll fetch him higher; he shall resolve you. *Exit Asot.*

Chrem. Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Comes a rude billow betwixt him and safetie,
And bears him back into the deep again.

SCEN. VII.

Enter Asotus, Demetrius: manent Ceteri.

Asot. HEre 's another figure to cast, Sir. These two Gentlemen

Dem. A sudden joy o'recomes me. *Asot.* Are to marry
Old Chremylus daughters. This is Tyndarus,
And he should have Evadne: and this Pamphilus,
That has a moneths mind to Techmessa; but that Hymen
Looks with a wry neck at 'm. If the Ascendent
With all his radiations and aspects
Know any thing,—here 's one that can unfold it.
I must go fit my self for mine own wedding. *Exit.*

Dem. Flie from the temple you unhallowed troup,
That dare present your sinnes for sacrifice
Before the gods! *Chrem.* What should this language mean?

Dem. Think you that heaven will ever signe a grant
To your incestuous marches? *Chrem.* How incestuous?

Dem. This is not Tyndarus, but Demetrius son,
Call'd Clinias, and fair Evadne's brother.
Evadne musted in exchange to Chremylus,
For young Timarchus, whom Demetrius took

With

With him to Athens, when he fled from Thebes
To save the infants from the monsters jaws,
The cruel Minotaur. Marvell not the gods
Forbid the banes, when in each march is incest.
Chr. I wonder he should know this. *Tyn.* I am amaz'd.
Dem. I will confirm your faith. *Tyn.* My father? (*He puls off his disguise.*
Pam. My father?
Dem. No, good Timarchus, ask thy blessing there.
Sir, if I not mistake me, you are Chremylus.
Pray let me see that ring.——Sir, I must challenge it,
And in requitall will return you this.
Chrem. Demetrius I welcome. Now my joyes are full,
When I behold my sonne and my old friend.
Dem. Which is Evadne? Blessings on thy head.
Now, Chremylus, let us conclude a marriage
As we at first intended; my Clinias
With your Techmessa, and your sonne Timarchus
With my Evadne. *Chrem.* Heaven has decreed it so.
Dem. Are the young people pleas'd { *Pam. Evad.* / *Tyn. Tech.* } The wil of heaven
Must be obey'd. *Dem.* Now trie if Hymen please
To end all troubles in a happy marriage,
Priest. Hymen, we thank thee, and will crown thy head
With all the glorious chaplets of the spring:
The first-born kid and fattest of our bullocks
Shall bleed upon thy altars (if it be
Lawfull to sacrifice in bloud to thee,
That art the meanes to life) 'cause thy provident mercy
Prevented this incestuous match. Deigne now
Propitious lookes to this more holy knot.
This virgin offers up her untouch'd zone,
And vows chaste love to Clinias. All joy to you,
The fair Evadne too is come to hang
Her maiden-girdle at thy sacred shrine,
And vows her selfe constant to the imbraces
Of young Timarchus.——Happinesse wait on both!
Tyn. I see our jealous thoughts were not in vain.

Nature, abhorring from so foul a sinne,
Infus'd those doubts into us.

SCEN. VIII.

Enter Asotus in armes with a drum and trumpet, attended by Thrasymachus, Hyperb. Bom. Chær. Simo, Phryne.

Asot. IF there be any Knight that dares lay claime
To beauteous Phryne,—— (as I hope there s'none)
I dare him to th' encounter; let him meet me
Here in the lists:——If he be wise, he dare not,
But will consider danger in the action.
I 'll winne her with my sword:——mistake me not,
I challenge no man. He who dares pretend
A title to a hair shall sup with Pluto:
'T were cooler supping in another place.
No champian yet appear?———I would fain fight.

Phron. Sir, if you want a champion, I am for you.

Asot. I ha' no quarrel to thee, Amazon.

Phron. I must have a husband too, & I will have a husband; I, and I will have you: I can hold out no longer: I am aweary of eating chalk and coals, and begin to dislike the feeding on oat-meal. The thought of so many marriages together has almost lost my maiden-head.

Asot. Why, thou shalt have my father: though he be old,
He 's rich, and will maintein thee bravely. Dad, (happy.
What think you on 't? *Sim.* Thou 'lt make me, boy, too
She shall have any thing. *Phron.* You will let me make
My own conditions. *Sim.* What thou wilt, my girl.

Phron. I will feed high, go rich, have my six horses,
And my imbroyder'd coach, ride where I list,
Have all the gallants in the town to visit me,
Maintein a pair of little legs to go
On idle messages to all the Madames.
You shall denie no Gentleman enterteinment.
And when we kisse and toy be it your cue
To nod and fall asleep. *Sim.* with all my heart.

Asot. Then take him, Girl, he will not trouble thee long;

For

For Mars being orientall unto Saturn,
And accidentall to the Sunne, proclaims
He is short-lived. *Phron.* Well Sir, for want of a better
I am content to take you. *Asot.* Joyn 'em, Priest.

Priest. Thus I conjoyn you in religious bands.

Asot. Now usher Phryne to my amorous armes.

Priest. The generous Asotus and fair Phryne
Present their vows unto thee, gracious Hymen.

Sext. I forbid the banes. *Staph.* I forbid the banes. (*They speak out of the coffin.*

Asot. And can there be no weddings without prodigies?
This is th' impediment the Azymenes
Or Planetary hindrance threatned me.
By the Almutes of the seventh house,
In an aspect of Tetragon radiation,
If Luna now be corporally joyn'd,
I may o'recome th' averseness of my starres.

Tyn. Sir, as you clear'd our doubts, I will clear yours.
See you these ghosts? Well Sexton, take heed hereafter
How you rob the dead; some of 'em may cozen you.

Sext. Pardon me, Sir; I seriously vow
Henceforth to rob no creature but the living.

Tyn. Well, you shall both fast to night, and take penance at the lower end of the table in these sheets; and that shall be your punishment.

Asot. Phryne, I take thee for my loving spouse.

Phryn. And I take you for my obedient husband.

Priest. And I conclude the tie. *Asot.* Ha, you sweet rogue!

SCEN. IX.

Enter Ballio with a halter about his neck.

Asot. WHy how now, Tutour? a rope about your neck?
I have heard, that hanging and marrying go by destinie;
But I never thought they had come together before.

Ball. I have cast a serious thought upon my guilt,
And find my self an arrant rogue. The gallows

[illegible] the inheritance I was ever born to.
[illegible] use me as you please.

Asot. Pray, Sir, let me beg my Tutours pardon.
Spare me to-day: for when the night comes on,
There's sweeter executions to be done.

Tyn. You have prevailed. No man be sad to-day.
Come, you shall dine with me. *Asot.* Pardon me, Sir:
I wil not have it said by the malicious, that I ate at another
[illegible] table the first day I set up house-keeping. No, you
shall all go home and dine with me.

Tyn. Come then: our joyes are ripen'd to perfection.
Let us give heaven the praise, and all confesse,
There is a difference 'twixt the jealousie
Of those that wooe, and those that wedded be.
This will hatch vipers in the nuptiall bed,
But that prevents the aking of the head. *Exeunt cum choro cantantium in laud. Hym.*

Epilogus.

Asotus, Astrologer.

Asot. How now? Will our indeavours give satisfaction?

Astrol. I find by the horoscope, & the elevation of the [illegible] Saboran, a Sextile opposition; and that th' Almutes is [illegible] the enemies house.

Asot. Away with your Almutes, Horoscopes, Elevations, Aldebarans, Sextiles, and Oppositions. I have an art of mine own to cast this figure by.

THe Lovers now Jealous of nothing be
But your acceptance of their Comedie.
I question not heavens influence: for here
I behold Angels of as high a Sphere.
You are the starres I gaze at; we shall find
Our labours blest, if your Aspects be kind.

FINIS.